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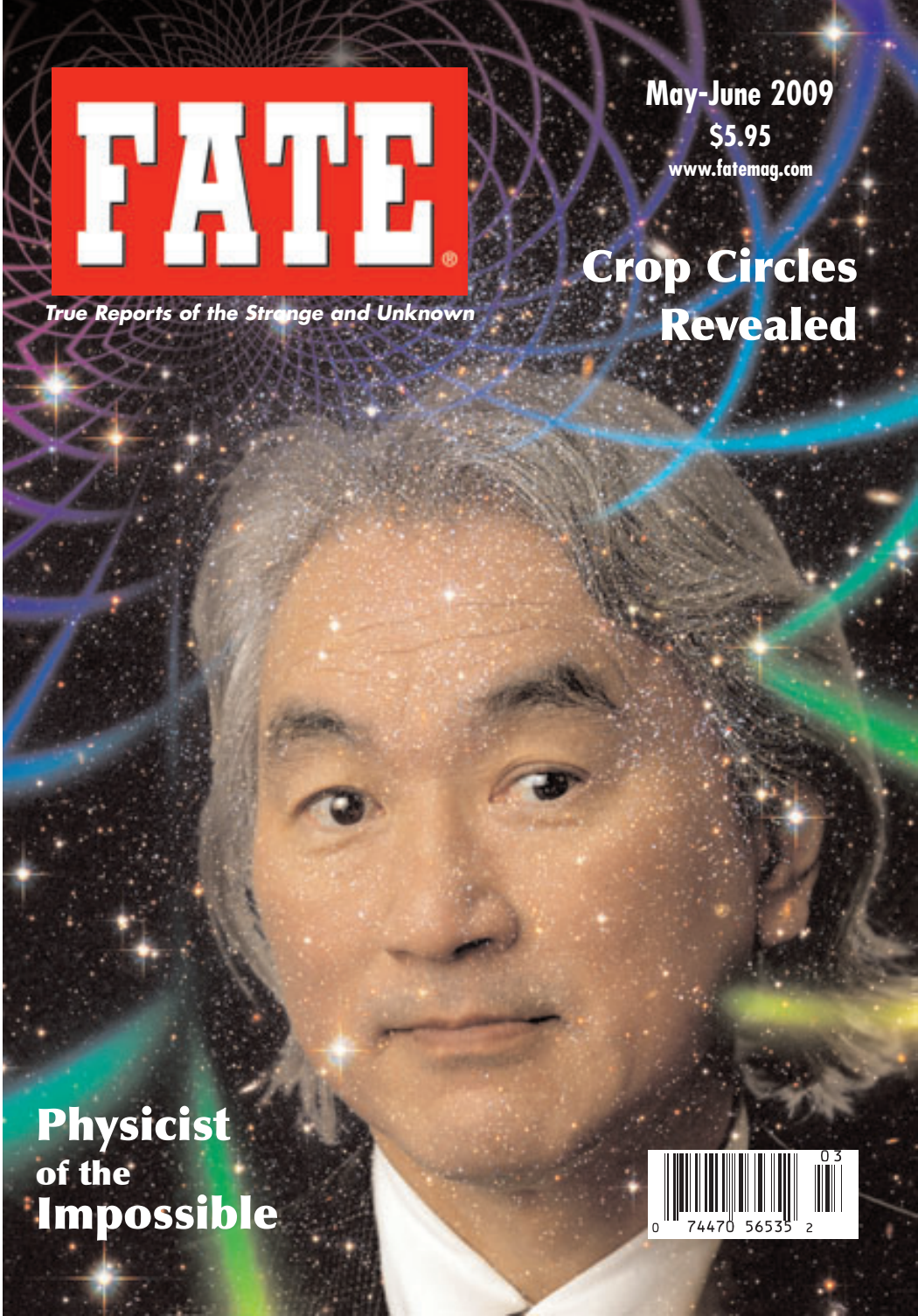

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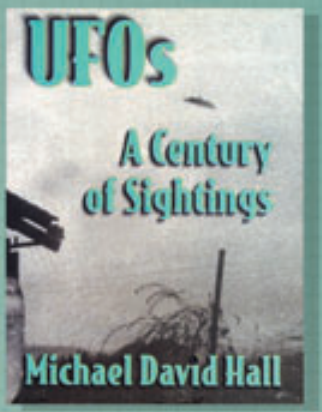

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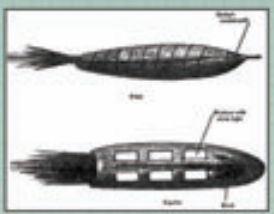

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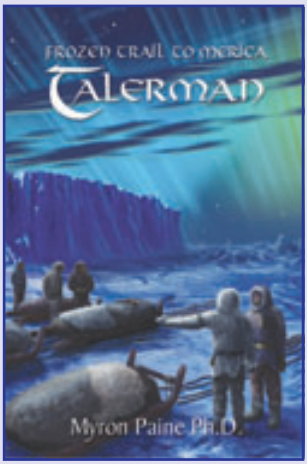

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Cover design by Dale O'Dell, photo by Andrea Brizzi

I See by the Papers

Mind-Reading Advances

Advances in mind-reading technology continue to accelerate.

In an experiment at University College London, scientists were able to read people's thoughts through brain scans while the subjects were immersed in a virtual reality environment.

Four volunteers navigated around a room in a computerized virtual reality game while researchers examined their brains with an MRI scanner. Using these scans, scientists were able to correctly determine where the subjects were in the virtual reality world at any given moment.

Demis Hassabis, co-author of the study, calls it a "small step towards the idea of mind reading, because just by looking at neural activity we were able to say what someone was thinking."

Meanwhile back in the U.S., the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA) is stepping up its push to develop telepathic communication technologies for use on the battlefield. The agency's budget for the coming year includes $4 million for a program called "Silent Talk." The program's goal is to "allow user-to-user communication on the battlefield without the use of vocalized speech through analysis of neural signals." Or in other words, soldiers communicating with each other via technological telepathy.

DARPA is clearly very serious in their pursuit of these types of mind-reading technologies, having already given out additional millions to the University of California last year to investigate the potential for computer-aided telepathy.—*The Financial Times* and *Wired Magazine*

Black Budget Grows

Defense Department budget documents reveal that the Pentagon has asked for more than $50 billion to fund its classified programs next year, a three percent increase over last year's total.

According to *Aviation Week*'s Bill Sweetman, that makes the Pentagon's black budget "roughly equal in magnitude to the entire defense budgets of the UK, France, or Japan."

For some further perspective, it is estimated that nearly eight percent of the Defense Department's total spending is now spent on secret classified programs. —*Wired Magazine*

Mayan Carvings Found

The jungles of South and Central America continue to produce amazing archaeological discoveries.

A team working in Guatemala's northern jungle has uncovered 25-foot carved stucco panels depicting monsters, gods, and serpents, thought to be left by the Mayan civilization around 300 B.C.

The carvings, discovered at El Mirador, one of the biggest ancient Mayan cities in the world, are said to be the oldest known depictions of a famous Mayan creation myth, the *Popol Vuh.—The Daily Mail*

Meditation Increases Brain Size

We all know that lifting weights increases muscle mass, but how about exercises for pumping up your brain?

New UCLA research suggests that over time, the practice of meditation actually builds brain mass.

High-resolution MRI scans used in the study show that certain regions in the brains of long-term meditators were larger than those same regions in a similar control group of non-meditators.

Specifically, meditators showed significantly larger volumes of the hippocampus, areas within the frontal cortex, the thalamus, and the inferior temporal gyrus, all regions known for regulating emotions.

"We know that people who consistently meditate have a singular ability to cultivate positive emotions, retain emotional stability, and engage in mindful behavior," said Eileen Luders, lead author of the research. "The observed differences in brain anatomy might give us a clue why meditators have these exceptional abilities."—UCLA

Hans Holzer

Pioneering ghost hunter and Amityville Horror investigator Hans Holzer has died at the age of 89 in New York.

Holzer was the author of more than 140 books on ghosts, the occult, and other assorted paranormal phenomena. He also served as a parapsychology professor at the New York Institute of Technology.

The contributions made by Holzer to further the understanding of the strange and unknown aspects of our world will be long remembered and he will be missed.

Fight Brewing over Tesla

There's a battle brewing in New York over the former property of Nikola Tesla.

In 1901, Tesla began work on a glob-

IMPORTANT REMINDER

Remember to check your expiration date on the address card enclosed in the plastic bag containing your FATE magazine. If it is two issues away or sooner, it's time to renew!

al system of giant towers ultimately meant to relay free energy through the air. It was to be his masterpiece.

The first tower, standing 18 stories tall, was erected on Long Island, at a site called Wardenclyffe. Tesla's grand vision was never realized, however, and the tower and its adjoining laboratory were left incomplete, along with the rest of his plan. Now, a fight is looming over the remains of the site, which has been put up for sale at a list price of $1.6 million.

A science group on Long Island hopes to turn the 16-acre site into a Tesla museum and is seeking to have the land donated to them. But the site's current owner, the Agfa Corporation, says it must sell the property to raise money in hard economic times.

Afga used the site from 1969 to 1992 and then shuttered the property. The company says it spent some $5 million on clean-up of the site recently before deciding to put it up for sale and simply cannot afford to donate the site outright.

Tesla fans and devotees are hoping to change their mind, however, with the help of the state if necessary.

"It's hugely important to protect this site," said Marc J. Seifer, author of *Wizard*, a Tesla biography. "He's an icon. He stands for what humans are supposed to do—honor nature while using high technology to harness its powers."

Dr. Ljubo Vujovic, president of the Tesla Memorial Society of New York, said destroying the old lab "would be a terrible thing for the United States and the world. It's a piece of history."

There is hope. Recently, New York State echoed the sentiments of those who wish to protect the Wardenclyffe site, when the commissioner of historic preservation gave official state backing to the preservation effort.—*The New York Times*

Flores Hobbit Update

Here's an update on a story you may recall from a few years ago. After discovering tiny, human-like skeletons on the Indonesian island of Flores, scientists debated for quite some time whether the find represented an entirely new species of human or simply a group of modern pygmies.

Now, two papers in the journal *Nature* argue that the Flores Hobbit is indeed an entirely new species of human.

The team that made the discovery of the remains contends that the diminutive species is descended from a prehistoric species of human, which reached the island more than a million years ago. Over thousands of generations, they argue, their bodies most likely evolved to be smaller in size through a known natural selection process called island dwarfing.

Another team studying the Flores Hobbit, led by William Jungers from Stony Brook University, analyzed remains

of the creature's foot. The group found that, although in some ways it is rather human-like, and displays attributes not found in apes; in other respects it is incredibly primitive. It is far longer than a modern human foot, and equipped with a very small first toe, long, curved lateral toes, and a weight-bearing structure that resembles that of a chimp.

The team says that unless the Flores Hobbits became more primitive over time, which is highly unlikely, they must have branched off from the human line at an earlier date than *Homo sapiens*.—BBC

Another "Wow" Signal?

In 1977, SETI astronomer Dr. Jerry R. Ehman thought he might have discovered proof of an alien radio signal while surveying the night sky via his Ohio State telescope.

On a printout of the radio signal, he famously wrote, "Wow!" in a show of excitement, and the discovery became known henceforth as the "Wow" signal.

The nature of the "Wow" signal is debated to this day among SETI scientists and astronomers. Unfortunately, the signal has never been replicated, despite repeated re-surveying of that part of the sky.

Three decades later, astrophysicist Ragbir Bhathal, an Optical SETI researcher working at the University of Western Sydney in Australia, may have discovered another possible alien signal on a par with its famous predecessor.

Discovered in December 2008, Bhathal quickly wrote, "Is it ET?" next to the printout of the signal. He has been rescanning the same area of the sky ever since, hoping to pick it up a second time, but with no luck so far.

What was it? Some form of terrestrial interference? A new type of cosmic pulse? Or proof of an advanced civilization?

Bhathal's not giving up his quest to find the answer, despite months of research dedicated to the short-lived signal. Bhathal believes that the relatively new Optical SETI, the hunt for alien laser signals (as opposed to radio signals like traditional SETI), holds much promise, even if the December 2008 signal is left unexplained.

"For an advanced civilization, radio-wave technology would be old hat," he says. "My strong feeling is that if there are civilizations out there, they will send the signal by laser pulses or laser flashes."—*The Australian*

The Edge of Space

Where does the Earth and its atmosphere end and outer space begin?

It's a question that has long been under debate, but now a team working at the University of Calgary in Canada thinks it has finally discovered the answer once and for all.

Using an instrument called the Supra-Thermal Ion Imager, the team detected the Earth-space boundary by tracking the gentle winds of Earth's atmosphere and the more violent flows of charged particles in space. By marking this demarcation line, they have pinpointed the transition from Earth to outer space at precisely 73 miles above the planet's surface.

The Supra-Thermal Ion Imager's ability to gather useful data in this transitional area between the planet and outer space is significant because, up until now, it has been nearly impossible to make accurate measurements in this region—too high for balloons and too low for satellites.

"It's only the second time that direct measurements of charged particle flows have been made in this region, and the first time all the ingredients, such as the upper atmospheric winds, have been included," says project scientist David Knudsen of the University of Calgary.

The new data "allows us to calculate energy flows into the Earth's atmosphere that ultimately may be able to help us understand the interaction between space and our environment," Knudsen said. "That could mean a greater understanding of the link between sunspots and the warming and cooling of the Earth's climate as well as how space weather impacts satellites, communications, navigation, and power systems."—*Live Science. com*

UFO Hoaxers Fined

UFO hoaxers beware. A New Jersey judge recently fined two men for tying flares to helium balloons, setting them off in a field near Morris Plains, and then reporting the "UFOs" to a local television station.

Municipal Judge Michael Carlucci sentenced Chris Russo and Joe Rudy (a science teacher) to 50 hours of community service and a $250 fine for creating the false disturbance. Morris County, New Jersey, head prosecutor Robert A. Bianchi condemned the hoax, saying the floating balloons posed a potential fire hazard and could have interfered with air traffic at nearby Morristown Airport.

Judge Carlucci told the pair at sentencing, "If you were a pair of 17-year-olds, I would tell you to grow up. [But] you're not 17."

Prosecutor Bianchi said he was satisfied with the outcome of the case. "It was a tremendous waste of police resources and posed a serious fire threat to homes, wooded areas, and posed a significant danger to air traffic, and tied up valuable 911 resources."—*The Star-Ledger*

Templars and the Shroud

In an article published by the Vatican newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano,* historian Barbara Frale says she has uncovered new clues to both the fate of the Knights Templar and the famous and controver-

sial Shroud of Turin. The evidence seems to add considerable weight to the claim that the Shroud really is the burial cloth of Jesus Christ.

Combing through Vatican documents, Frale found an account of a Templar initiation rite from the year 1287, involving a young Frenchman, Arnaut Sabbatier. "[I was] shown a long piece of linen on which was impressed the figure of a man and told to worship it, kissing the feet three times," the document reads.

This evidence suggests that the medieval order of knights secretly venerated the Shroud of Turin and purposely kept it hidden. Were the Knights Templar simply fooled by a clever forgery? Or is it more likely that the Shroud is indeed the real thing?—*The Telegraph*

Century-Old Message-in-a-Bottle

Darin Winkler was out walking the banks of the Spokane River when he saw something that caught his eye.

Although many bits of junk and debris wash up on the river's shores, this one was striking. It was unlike all of the other beer and whiskey bottles along the way, an antique, complete with an old-fashioned cork stopper. Winkler picked up the bottle to take a closer look at the out-of-place item and that's when he saw it. Inside was a piece of paper: damp, flaking, but still mostly intact. The first words on the paper took his breath away. "March 30, 1913." The note went on to read, "Dear friend, who ever finds this bottle, please write in [missing text] at Rockford, within the next two years…and let me know it [missing text]. Yours truly, Emmett Presnell, Rockford, Wash." It had taken almost a century, but Emmett Presnell's message in a bottle had finally been found.

Winkler's theory is that the bottle probably got caught up in a tangle of logs, keeping it relatively safe for nine decades, until high recent high water levels likely dislodged it, floating it down the river to where Winkler ultimately found it. According to records, the message-sender, Emmett Presnell, died in 1978 at the age of 85. Darin Winkler has subsequently located living relatives of Presnell and shared his amazing story with them.—*The Spokesman-Review*

Strange Lodgings

No, not haunted hotels. We're talking objects: objects lodged in bizarre places, for even more bizarre lengths of time.

When Prax Sanchez went to the hospital for an MRI he experienced a sudden, sharp pain under his right eye while lying in the machine. Doctors asked if he had any kind of metal in his face from past medical procedures, but Sanchez said he was not aware of anything.

A short time later, Sanchez coughed

up something unimaginable: a nail over one-inch long. It turns out Sanchez had a nail stuck up his nasal cavity and the magnetic force from the MRI had finally dislodged it. Sanchez's family doctor, Jamieson Kennedy, says the nail had probably been up his nose for up to 30 years. Sanchez claims he has no idea how the nail got there.

Meanwhile in China, Lao Du, 55, of Zhengzhou discovered that he too had been living with a foreign object in his body—a needle in his posterior—for more than three decades years after doctors accidentally left it there in 1978 during surgery.

And if that's not enough, an Albanian woman who unknowingly lived with a bullet lodged in her cheekbone for 12 years has finally had it removed. Mrike Rrucaj was sleeping when a bullet flew into her house in 1997. Waking up covered in blood, she was rushed to the hospital, where doctors determined that no fragments from the bullet had been left behind.

However, recent severe headaches prompted Ms. Rrucaj to visit her doctor, and when x-rays were taken they showed the bullet still lodged in her jaw.—KKTV (Colorado), Ananova, and AFP

Ancient Artifacts

A team of archaeologists working in Iraq over the past two years has unearthed thousands of ancient artifacts dating back to Babylonian times.

The find includes royal seals, talismans, and clay tablets bearing Sumerian inscriptions. The artifacts were discovered in 20 different sites located between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, the ancient region known as Mesopotamia. Of particular interest are clay tablets bearing Sumerian cuneiform, the oldest known form of writing among humans.—Astigan Society

4,000-Year-Old Temple Discovered

Italian archaeologists have discovered the oldest religious site on Cyprus.

Maria Rosaria Belgiorno says the 4,000-year-old triangular temple predates any other found on the eastern Mediterranean island.

"It's the most ancient religious site on the island," she told the Associated Press. "This confirms that religious worship in Cyprus began much earlier than previously believed."

The 2,100-square-foot building was discovered last year outside Pyrgos, a village near the island's south coast.—AP

Old Art

A remarkable ivory carving found at Hohle Fels Cave in Germany may be the oldest sculpture of a human figure ever found.

The ancient art, dubbed the Venus of Hohle Fels because of its quite prominent female characteristics, is thought to be somewhere in the neighborhood of a whopping 35,000 years old. Found in September 2008, the artifact is presumed to have been made by modern humans, though no one can say for sure because Neanderthals were also still present in Europe at the time of its creation.—BBC

Bulletin Board

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__Haunted America Conference__—June 19–20, Decatur, IL *www.americanspookshows.com*

__Academy of Spirituality & Paranormal Studies Conference__—June 19–22, Allentown, PA (860) 242-4593 *www.aspsi.org/anco/anco.php*

__Fortscape West Virginia__—June 27–28, Shepherdsdown, WV *www.forteans.com*

__Roswell UFO Festival__—July 2–5, Roswell, NM *www.ufofestivalroswell.com*

__Ancient of Days 2009 Roswell UFO Conference__—July 4–5, Roswell, NM *www.ancientofdays.net*

__Chesapeake Pagan Summer Gathering__—July 9–12, Darlington, MD *chesapeakepagans.org/gathering/*

__AA-EVP Conference__—July 11–12, Los Angeles, CA *www.aaevp.com*

__Eastern Regional Paranormal Conference__—July 17–19, Harpers Ferry, WV *www.cosmicpantheon.com/conference*

__Norcal Paracon 2009__—July 17–19, Monterey, CA *www.norcalghosthunters.com/norcalparacon09.html*

__Great Lakes Paranormal Convention__—July 24, Eveleth, MN *www.darkplainsradio.com/event.html*

__Paracon 2009__—Aug. 6–7, Sarnia, ON *www.paracon2009.com*

__40th Annual International UFO Symposium__—Aug. 6–9, Denver, CO *www.mufon.com/symposia.htm*

__Shag Harbour UFO Festival__—Aug. 14–15, Shag Harbour, NS *www.shagharbour.com*

__Ohio Paranormal Convention__—Aug. 14–16, Dayton, OH *www.southernohioparanormal.org/paracon*

__Celtic Ireland Tour__—Aug. 16–24, Ireland *www.chetsnow.com/ireland*

__Bay Area UFO Conference__—Sept. 12–13, Santa Clara, CA *www.thebayareaufoexpo.com*

__Pennsylvania UFO Conference__—Oct. 17, Youngwood, PA *www.pamufon.com*

__Burlington Vortex Conference__—Oct. 30–Nov. 2, Burlington, WI *www.burlingtonnews.net/burlingtonvortexconference*

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Interview with Michio Kaku

photo by Andrea Brizzi

Michio Kaku.

by Phyllis Galde

FATE recently had the distinction of a personal interview with renowned physicist Michio Kaku when he visited Minneapolis. Kaku is the author of *Physics of the Impossible: A Scientific Exploration into the World of Phasers, Force Fields, Teleportation, and Time Travel.* Kaku is the Henry Semat Professor of Theoretical Physics at the City University of New York Graduate Center.

Other Dimensions

PG: You are a proponent of string theory, which envisages an 11- or 13-fold dimensional universe. How do you envisage these extra dimensions?

MK: We live in a three-dimensional world. Length, width, height, and we also have the fourth dimension, which is time. But anyone who talks about higher dimensions is sometimes called a crackpot. Now, when I was a child, I used to go to the Japanese tea garden in San Francisco where there are fish swimming in a shallow pond. And I imagined being a fish myself. And if I was a fish, I could travel forward, backward, left, and right, but the concept of "up" made no sense because the pond is the universe.

So I imagined there was a scientist there who would say, "Bah, humbug. There are no other dimensions other than forward, backward, left, and right. There's no such thing as up. What you see is what is. If you cannot measure it, it doesn't exist. So then I imagined as a child reaching down and grabbing the fish, lifting the scientist into the world of up, hyperspace, the third dimension. What would he see?

He would see a world where beings move without fins, a new law of physics. Beings breathing without water, a new law of biology. Then I would put the fish back into the pond, what stories he would tell. A universe beyond the universe.

Well, today many physicists believe that we are the fish. We spend all our lives in three dimensions, going forward, backward, left and right, up and down. And anyone who talks about another, unseen dimension is considered a crackpot. Well, not anymore. This summer, the largest machine that science ever built, the Large Hadron Collider, 27 miles in circumference, costing eight billion euros (about ten billion dollars), will be turned on. And we hope to get evidence of the eleventh dimension. One of time, ten of space.

We work in an area called string theory, which used to be a bunch of outcasts in the physics community. But now, we're center stage. We have gotten the major faculty positions at Harvard, Princeton, Yale; all the young crowd coming up are string theorists. My generation suffered enormously because people thought, "Oh my god, this is *Star Trek,* beam me up to the higher dimensions," they said.

The young people, however, have the benefits of realizing that we are now the center of gravity. What happened? What happened was we physicists began to smash atoms, and we have a pretty good understanding of the theory of particles. It's called the Standard Model. Except it is the ugliest theory known to science. Why should mother nature at a fundamental level create this ugly theory called the standard model? It has 36 quarks, it has eight gluons, it has three W bosons, it has a whole bunch of electrons, a whole bunch of neutrons, it just goes on and on and on.

The Music of Creation

Why should this be nature's supreme theory? It's like getting an aardvark, a platypus, and a whale, start shaping them together and calling this nature's finest evolutionary creation, the byproduct of millions of years of evolution of the earth. I would like to believe that these 36 quarks, eight gluons, three W bosons are nothing but the lowest octave of a vibrating string.

Now, these strings are special. They are not ordinary strings. These strings, when they vibrate, create the musical notes which correspond to the particles we see in the universe. We can explain why we have leptons, muons, hadrons, photons, neutrinos, the zoo of subatomic particles; it's nothing but the lowest vibration of the string. The normal aspect of the string is that they only vibrate in ten

or eleven dimensions. They vibrate in ten dimensions. When you add membranes or beach balls, they can vibrate in eleven dimensions. So we think that's what the Big Bang was. The Big Bang was an instability in eleven-dimensional hyperspace.

Einstein wanted to read the mind of God. That was his goal in life. He wanted an equation one-inch long that would allow him to read God's thoughts. That's what dominated his thinking. For the first time now, we have a candidate for the mind of God. The mind of God is: cosmic music resonating through eleven-dimensional hyperspace. That is, we think, the mind of God.

PG: So you think Einstein was right?

MK: He was on to it. He didn't go far enough, basically.

Flatland

PG: Could the unseen dimensions contain or conceal various paranormal phenomena such as UFOs, ghosts, psychokinesis, metal-bending?

MK: Well, a hundred years ago, at the turn of the last century, the idea of these higher dimensions began to penetrate into British society. People began to speculate about these things. And then people began to ask a simple question: If you look down on a lower-dimensional world, how would they look at you?

People began to realize that if you look down on a flatland, people living on a tabletop, you would have the power of a god. You'd be able to walk through walls. You'd be able to disappear, reappear. You'd be able to reach inside a safe, steal the gold without ever breaking open the safe.

If you were to put a flatlander in jail—what is jail? Jail is a circle. You draw a circle around one of these cookie men, flat as a pancake on a tabletop. A circle is prison. So, you say to these people, "Why don't you escape prison?" And they say, "Why? How? Everywhere I move I bump into the wall." And then you say, "Well, why not move up?" And then they say, "There is no such thing as up. Only mystics and crazy people talk about up. There's no such thing as up."

Well, if you were to just lift them off, what would they see? As they float in three dimensions, they would see cross-sections of our world as they begin to float vertically upward. So if they were to see us, what would we look like? If they looked at my chest, they would see three balls. They would see two arms and a torso. Three balls. As they move higher and higher, the three balls coalesce into one. So that's my neck. And as they go higher, the balls disappear entirely, and that's because they're over my head. That's how they would visualize us. They would think of us as a god because we could break out of jail, we could go right over walls, nothing can stop us.

Around 1900 in Victorian England, they began to ask: Who lives in these higher dimensions? Who has the ability of walking through walls, disappearing, reappearing somewhere else, reaching into

a safe, grabbing the gold. And they said, "Ghosts have that power."

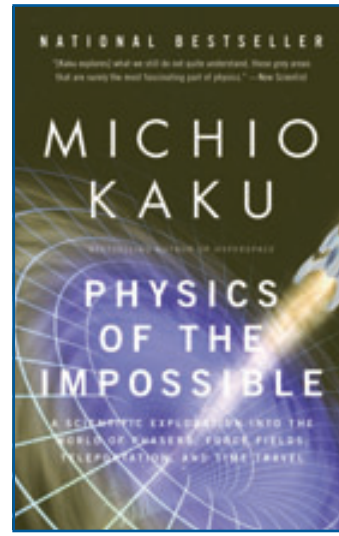
Around the turn of the last century there was a whole movement saying that ghosts could live in these higher dimensions. The Church got involved; they said that maybe God lives in the fourth dimension. One theologian even said that four dimensions is too small for God. God should live in infinite dimensional hyperspace.

Well, nothing happened, because you couldn't measure these dimensions. You couldn't do anything with it. There was no theory of these higher dimensions.

Then Einstein comes along and says that time is the fourth dimension, and the simplest consequence of it is: the atomic bomb. And that scared the hell out of people. So for a generation all of this thinking was lost. People said: Oh my god, the fourth dimension means like the sorcerer's apprentice, opening up powers, cosmic powers that we were not destined to see; that is nuclear energy, the power of the sun coming from $e=mc^2$.

Parallel Universes

We string theorists, a hundred years later, are beginning to reexamine things and realize that perhaps there *are* these higher dimensions. We are going to try to measure these dimensions: (a) with the Large Hadron Collider opening up this summer, and also (b) through dark matter. We now realize that there is an invisible form of matter called dark matter. It



makes up 23 percent of the universe. It's invisible, but it has weight. We hope to find evidence of dark matter which is predicted by string theory.

Also, we want to have direct evidence of a parallel universe. If a parallel universe exists in this room, then Newton's laws would be wrong in this room. The inverse square law, for example, only works in three dimensions. If the universe is four-dimensional, it would be the universe cubed.

At the University of Colorado they've actually done the first experiment measuring gravity on a small scale to test Newton's theory of gravity. We use this theory of gravity for our spaceships and our space probes, but not inside a room. Well, the experiment was done a few years ago and the result came out negative. But to me that simply means there's no parallel

universe in Colorado. There could be parallel universes everywhere, but in Colorado we find no evidence of that.

This is a very hot topic. It is now a legitimate subject to look for evidence of parallel universes and higher dimensions.

ESP in the Lab

PG: What about psychic people who can see into other dimensions? I am 180 degrees different from you. One of my brothers is a nuclear physicist, and so he has this kind of brain. I am very intuitive. I grew up in a haunted house seeing ghosts and seeing otherworldly creatures. I have all my life.

MK: Well, I'm a physicist. We only believe in what we can measure with reproducible results. Dark matter we can measure. It is invisible; it makes up a huge chunk of the universe. It's mysterious, but we know it's there. Higher dimensions, we're not sure. Remember we're building the Large Hadron Collider, we're building these experiments on dark matter. We can't say one way or the other. We think it is true. That's why we're devoting our lives and our professional careers to building machines which may access some of these higher dimensions, but we can't say one way or another.

PG: Have you ever had any otherworldly experience yourself?

MK: Well, Richard Feynman, who was one of the founders of modern physics—he won the Nobel prize—put himself in a hyperbaric chamber. He tried to see whether he could leave his body. And he did. And he wrote about it. There is a rather famous essay where he writes about being put into this chamber with sensory deprivation and then seeing himself rise from the chamber and then look at himself from a distance.

The question is, what does that mean? He said that he's not sure what it means but it is compatible with dreaming. He's not saying this *is* dreaming but the body can imagine itself leaving itself. That doesn't mean it actually happened; it means the body can imagine itself doing that.

As a physicist, I work on what is measurable, what is is testable, what is reproducible in the laboratory. These experiments are going on now, so this is serious business.

Let's talk about telepathy and psychokinesis. We physicists approach the concept of telepathy and psychokinesis in terms of what we can demonstrate in the laboratory. We now know that with an MRI scan we can begin to read the thoughts, primitive thoughts, that are racing inside our minds.

In Japan, for example, you can show somebody a picture of a dog, a cat, a table, a ball. Read their MRI scans. Have a dictionary between the scan and a ball, the scan and a dog, and tell every time what you are looking at. With the MRI machine you can, quote, read the thoughts, simple thoughts, of somebody looking at simple objects. Maybe ten objects. But in the fu-

ture we should be able to exponentially grow that number. We should be able to tell whether or not somebody is thinking about a chair, a table, a dog, a house, a rocketship, or what have you, because we have the brain patterns listed.

Also, if you put a chip in the brain we can then begin to have the brain control objects around it. This is a very primitive form of psychokinesis.

A stroke victim at Brown University has been placed into a device connecting his partially-dead brain to a laptop. He can control the cursor on the screen. He can now do crossword puzzles, he can surf the web, read email, write email, and he's paralyzed.

What was once forbidden, accessing people's thoughts, the secrets are now slowly coming out.

Extraterrestrial Contact

PG: Do you think there is a chance for mind control if we have such chips in our brains, if we have implants?

MK: So far the answer is no, because all we do is read what already exists. If you want to have somebody think of a ball without showing them a ball, we don't know how to project that into that person's mind.

If we ever encounter extraterrestrial civilizations, they may be at a point where they can access the human brain without having to use language. But we are only children doing this.

PG: To travel the huge distances which separate the stars and the galaxies one must travel at speeds in excess of light or else make use of black holes or postulated "wormholes" in space-time, or journey times will be in thousands or millions of years. Is such interstellar travel a realistic possibility for advanced civilizations or are such things always to remain in the realm of science fiction?

MK: First of all, if you talk to the average scientist about UFOs, aliens, intergalactic travel, and stuff like that, most of the time their eyes roll up to the ceiling and they start to giggle. This is called the giggle factor. And they say the distances between stars are so great that UFOs, interstellar travel is not possible.

But that's using today's physics. Today for us it is impossible for us to go to the stars. It's impossible for us even to go much beyond Jupiter. But that assumes today's technology. If you assume a civilization is a thousand years, a million years, more advanced than us, then whole new realms of physics open up. And a million years, on the scale of the universe, is nothing. It's just the blink of an eye. So, I don't laugh. I don't giggle when people talk about extraterrestrial civilizations because maybe they're there and we're too stupid to know it.

If you had a galactic civilization, how would they explore the universe? They would not send Captain Kirk going from planet to planet to planet. That is the stupidest possible way to explore the galaxy. There are billions of planets out there. You

can't send a starship going to every single planet. What you do is you get a robot that replicates itself, lands on a moon (moons are quite stable), digs the soil, and makes copies of itself; millions of copies. They shoot out to other moons, create copies of themselves, and they shoot out. Starting with one robot, you get a million. Then a million times a million. Then a million times a million times a million. And pretty soon you have a sphere expanding at the speed of light containing trillions upon trillions of these probes, probing the galaxy.

Now where have we seen that before? That's a virus. The virus is the simplest way for one molecule to colonize your body to give you a cold in two weeks. One molecule infects trillions of cells to give you a cold.

A galactic civilization would land on our moon and build a probe to build copies of itself. Now where have we seen that before? The movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*…the most realistic encounter with extraterrestrial intelligence.

Stanley Kubrick, when he made the film, interviewed astrophysicists and had ten minutes of the film with interviews, and they laid it out: This is the most mathematically efficient way to explore the universe. Then he cut the first ten minutes of his own film. And then this film became very mystical. But if you watch it, it is the most realistic encounter with a civilization in outer space.

PG: Do you think something like HAL could happen? Where the computer gets intelligent and it starts controlling things?

MK: Well, robots today have the intelligence of a cockroach—a retarded cockroach. They can barely walk across the room. They can barely recognize patterns. They are so stupid.

I think *2001* was off by a hundred years. It should have been *2100*. In 2100 we'll have an operating moon base. Right now we're so primitive that if there is evidence of visitation, we would never know. Let's say that on our moon right now there is a probe that is a million years old, left by a passing galactic civilization that has used our moon as a base to explore this sector of the galaxy. Would we know it? No, we are so primitive, we wouldn't even know it.

Then the other question. Carl Sagan asked himself this question: Are we advanced enough to know that our sector of the galaxy is inhabited? Let's say that there is a galactic civilization, and many of these planets are inhabited. Would we know? And the answer is "no."

Let's say that we're walking down a country road and we see an anthill. Do you go down to the ants and say, "I bring you trinkets. I bring you beads. I give you nuclear energy. I give you ant paradise, ant utopia. Take me to your leader"? Is that what you tell them? Or do you have this urge to step on a few of them? If somebody's building a ten-lane superhighway next to an anhill, would the ants

know what a ten-lane superhighway was? Would they be able to communicate with the workers? Would they even know that these are humans who are building this thing? They'd be clueless, totally clueless. They wouldn't know how to communicate. They wouldn't know the frequencies, they wouldn't know what a ten-lane superhighway was. They don't know what a car is, they don't know what a truck is.

The distance between ants and us is actually quite small compared to the distance between us and what is called a type-three civilization. So if there is a type-three civilization in our backyard, we wouldn't even know. They could be right there. Ants just staring at a highway, wondering, what is this?

Time Travel Is Possible

PG: Do you believe it's possible to make a time machine?

MK: It may be possible. It seems to be consistent with the laws of physics.

You need fabulous amounts of energy, comparable to a black hole. Michael J. Fox with his DeLorean cannot do it.

Einstein said that time is a river, a meandering river. We measure that with our satellites. A GPS satellite slows down in outer space. We measure that every day. Your GPS would fail without Einstein. But the new wrinkle is the river of time may have forks. If the river of time forks, then perhaps you can go backwards in time without a time paradox.

So, you go backwards in time and meet your teenage mother before you are born and she falls in love with you; you're in deep trouble. But if you hop stream, if the universe opens up a parallel universe, then you've basically met somebody else's teenage mother who looks like your teenaged mother but is not. There are no time paradoxes involved.

These are solutions of Einstein's equations. This is not just somebody dreaming a science-fiction story. We have mathematical realizations of all these things. Many, many designs have been proposed, all of them consistent with Einstein. The problem is energy. You need fabulous amounts of energy to do this.

It takes a lot of energy to keep me on the floor. It takes the earth just to keep me on the floor. So, it would take a star to bend the fabric of space and time. And that's what you need to create a time machine. Anyway, in my book I give a design.

PG: Do you ever read science fiction?

MK: Yes, I used to read the Asimov series.

PG: I taught science-fiction in high school. You've read *A Wrinkle in Time, by* Madeleine L'Engle?

MK: Right. In fact, in that book, it was a tesseract that was the gateway. A tesseract is a four-dimensional unraveled hypercube.

That One Percent

PG: Are there any UFO researchers' arguments you find compelling?

MK: I get a lot of sightings, but 99 per-

cent of them can be dismissed as radar echoes, swamp gas, the planet Venus, weather satellites, meteorites, atmospheric anomalies…it's that one percent that gives you the willies. It's that one percent that is multiple sightings by multiple modes. They are the hardest to debunk, the famous one being the JAL sightings where you had an object off a JAL airline.

The hardest to dismiss are those that involve radar sighting, visual sighting, by not just one person but a whole crew on an airplane.

What we need…see, this will go on forever. Forever and ever people will say, "I saw something." And then people will say, "Well, what did you see?" What we need is more direct, tangible proof. That is, alien DNA. If we had alien DNA that would end it right there. But so far, no alien DNA.

Second of all, an alien ship. That would also end it. Any sign that there's an alien culture, information that is different from our information. That would end it right there. But some people say well, maybe our technology came from aliens. Well, it's not a testable theory.

PG: Reverse engineering?

MK: It's not testable. I can say that it's not reverse engineering because I know the people who developed this transistor or that thing, and it was done by hard work and patience, not by mind reading. But when you talk about visitation, you need hard proof. That requires either alien DNA or an alien ship. Until that happens, this is going to go on forever. People will argue forever, whether that was a meteor or a flying saucer.

PG: Some say that the aliens can cloak themselves.

MK: Well, we're going to be able to cloak ourselves very soon. We will be able to cloak an object under visible light in a few decades. It's in my book. I have a whole chapter on invisibility.

Maybe they're here. Maybe they are invisible. We would never know.

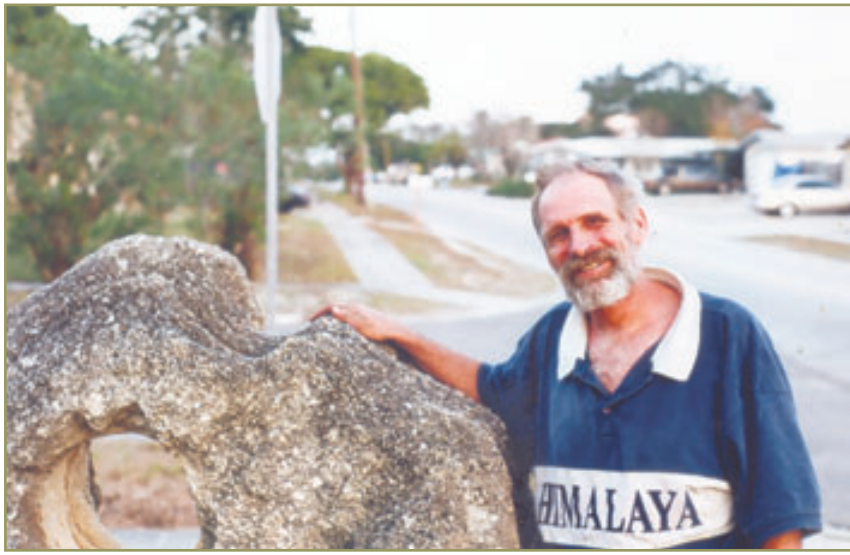
But my personal attitude is that we may not be very interesting to them. They may come and visit us once in a while, but would you engage in a conversation with ants? You may not.

We think we're so great that they're going to want to come down and give us all the fruits of their technology. Why would they do that? We're not that interesting to them. If they can go from star to star, they are automatically 2,000 years ahead of us, meaning that we may not be that interesting to them. ❀

"This whole creation is essentially subjective, and the dream is the theater where the dreamer is at once scene, actor, prompter, stage manager, author, audience, and critic."

—Carl Gustav Jung

Atlantis in the Sunshine State



Alternative archaeologist John Saxer standing beside one of the many so-called Atlantis Stones, located on a front lawn on Firecreek Court residence in Holiday, Florida. It is this stone which he believes most closely resembles the drogue stones studied by David F. Fasold near Ararat in Turkey.

by Gavin Callaghan

The bad boy of the Ancient Astronauts Society, John Christian Saxer, has a new theory about Atlantis that he hopes will turn the paranormal community—and the world at large—on its ear.

The Myth of Atlantis

Tarpon Springs, Florida, a picturesque fishing village on the Gulf of Mexico, is no stranger to reports of paranormal phenomena, from the so-called Sandman sighted along the Anclote River in the 1960s, to miracle healings at St. Michael's Shrine and assorted ghostly phenomena. Now, John Christian Saxer, local bicycle store mechanic, bartender, and amateur archaeologist, has suggested that this hot, sun-bleached town is what he calls that "…most special of locations on the GREAT MOTHER EARTH," known to the Hebrews as Eden, and to the Greeks as Atlantis.

"Eden's Garden is as Plato said it

would be," Saxer writes in one of his leaflets, "at the center of a plain that is 200 miles by 300 miles in size on the protected coast. The ancient Greek writers called it the Garden of the Hesperides…" The writers of Old Testament were mistaken when they placed the mythical Garden of Eden in the Middle East between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers. Instead, Saxer claims, "The oracles first spoke here, in Florida. This was long before the omphalos stone was first brought from Atlantis to Delphi."

Indeed, Saxer transfers the ultimate origin of our familiar biblical and classical legends from the Mediterranean and Middle East to ancient America. Americans, writes Saxer, "are the Former Spirit of Atlantis (Land of Atlas… Tarpon Springs was the ancient Garden of the Greeks' Eden; the Garden of the three Hesperides [i.e. Paradise], daughters of Atlas and Hesperus and granddaughters of Poseidon and Cleito."

The literature regarding Atlantis is vast, and many locations have been suggested as the seat of Plato's legendary lost empire, including the ancient Mediterranean island of Santorini, the ancient city of Troy, or a sunken island in the Atlantic. Saxer suggests an American location for Atlantis. Edgar Cayce, too, placed Atlantis "between the Gulf of Mexico on the one hand and the Mediterranean upon the other." Saxer's location for Atlantis is on the peninsula of Florida.

But Saxer claims to have something that these scholars did not have: the so-called "Atlantis stones," gigantic monoliths that dot the landscape throughout west-central Florida. Saxer asserts his own claim to the rocks under the law of salvage, since it was he who first realized the debris field for what it was: the wrecks of the fleet of lost Atlantis.

John Saxer first burst onto the Florida scene in October 2004, when an article about his theories appeared in the New Port Richey publication *The Suncoast News.* Soon, Saxer's story was being covered on local television, on the Internet, and in local newspapers.

Saxer has been indefatigable in his attempts to gain recognition and support for his point of view: lobbying U.S. Congressman Gus Bilirakis for state recognition, distributing pro-Eden flyers at the local Greek Orthodox Epiphany celebration at Spring Bayou every year, and even running unsuccessfully for mayor of Tarpon Springs as a write-in candidate. Saxer's unsuccessful attempts to donate some of his Atlantis stones to his alma mater was covered in a June 2007 story in the University of Wisconsin alumni journal *The Isthmus.*

The gigantic stones, which contain apparently perfectly bored holes and which may number more than 200, are located along the roadsides, highways, and even in the front yards of local Florida residents. They resemble the "drogue stones" studied by the late David F. Fasold in Turkey and theorized by him to have

functioned as sea anchors for an ancient, massive, antediluvian vessel—although the explicitly Christian and cruciform petroglyphs found on the drogue stones are completely lacking here.

Some of the stones are located up to eight miles inland, indicating "a massive tidal wave in the past," caused by an earth flip approximately 12,800 years ago. Such disastrous earth flips, Saxer believes, occur every 6,400 years or so, caused by the approaching orbit of an unknown planet identified by the ancients as Anubis, Nibiru, or Marduk. The planet is set to pass near Earth in 2012, says Saxer, connecting this potentially disastrous event with the approaching end of the Mayan calendar.

Saxer's ideas regarding Atlantis, Eden, and earth flips, are but the tip of the iceberg of his beliefs. Saxer has written himself into the fabric of his theories. Not only is he the lawful owner of the Atlantis stones, he is also the rightful king of Switzerland, the emperor of Europe, and even an avatar or messiah.

My Interview with John Saxer

I met with Saxer in January 2008. He proved to be a man of animated expression and great energy, a bit dirty from his long day on the job as a mechanic, but with bright eyes and a ready grin. I was impressed by his kind manner and the high regard in which he was held by the café patrons and residents of the town.

"Mankind has lost its history," Saxer tells me emphatically. "I have been searching for this lost history all my life, my lifelong goal being to find an Eden which was a terrestrial Eden, located somewhere on the Earth," an Eden of which Saxer claims to be the living avatar or prophet.

Saxer studied philosophy and archaeology at the University of Wisconsin. One day in class, a philosophy professor scolded him for his approach: "Philosophy only supplies the right questions; archaeology, on the other hand, supplies the right answers. What you are looking for cannot be learned from philosophy, Mr. Saxer. Your questions can only be answered archaeologically."

In response, Saxer walked straight out of the classroom. That same instant, his desire to find Eden was sparked.

"I'm searching for mankind's soul, not just my own. Everyone is searching for the source of our own existence."

Saxer was a member of the Ancient Astronauts Society, long before it was renamed the Archaeology, Astronautics & SETI Research Association. He left, or was asked to leave, the AAS at age 26. "I was the only member ever to be kicked out after I tried to change the direction of the society."

The society's publication *Legendary Times* pre-emptively rejects any "articles by authors claiming to be initiates, prophets, adepts, holders of secret lore or knowledge, recipients of private revelations given to them by beings from a higher plane, and similar unscientific mumbo-jumbo."

Saxer's theory about Atlantis developed slowly over 37 years of study. His fascination with the Tarpon Springs river system began 13 years ago, when he first came to Florida and before he realized the importance of the stones. Saxer was fascinated by the intricate, idyllic appearance of the streams, and began to think they had been artificially constructed. His Eureka moment came after watching the story of David Fasold's study of the drogue-stones near Mt. Ararat.

To accommodate the enormous anchor stones, Saxer theorizes that the Atlantean ships must have been huge, 200 feet wide by 600 feet long, with 10 or 20 or so of the mammoth anchors suspended from the decks with a mechanism for raising or lowering. "The first arks," he writes, "were built by Atlanteans so very long ago, at Wakulla Springs where the natural resources are plentiful for ark building."

Little is known about the stone monoliths that dot the west Florida landscape, and even among experts, there is no clear consensus. Some local authorities believe the stones are entirely natural, while others think they may have been worked by human hands. Saxer believes that the stones were artificially constructed during the prehistoric period from mortar and concrete.

Similar stones with holes, discovered off the California coast and in Mexican waters in the 1970s, are theorized to have been anchors, and have been taken as evidence of possible Chinese visits to America, 1,000 years before Christopher Columbus. These stones are smaller than Saxer's Florida discoveries, and many of them are thought to have been formed naturally on the ocean floor.

The Experiments of Poseidon

Like that earlier visionary (some say madman) Richard S. Shaver, who identified ancient bas-reliefs and sculptures in mineral formations, Saxer claims to see an irrefutable image of mankind's origins in the system of supposed canals in Tarpon Springs—an image formed by Poseidon himself out of the Anclote River, which Saxer identifies with the Arcadian River mentioned by the classical writers. According to Saxer, Poseidon renamed the Arcadian river "Ladon" (Saxer spells it "Laden"), and fashioned it into an image that forms "a symbol that no man can erase or deny." Saxer refers to the passage in Plato's *Critias*, in which Critias speaks of how Poseidon enclosed the Atlantean hill of Euenor by "making alternating zones of sea and land, larger and smaller, encircling one another…"

"The picture or mark that Plato said Poseidon…dug out of the soil at central Eden," Saxer writes, "is a way of regaining the upper had over confusion, apathy, ignorance, and fear and returning mankind to their source at the Sacred Garden; a sign to all of His monumental effort and Love for His firstborns and their descendants; ourselves."

In this picture, Poseidon "stands as if officiating behind Adam (Atlas)…hands rejoicing in his efforts." Poseidon holds "the gift of eternal life in His righteous hands; the Holy Grail OF MANKIND's Eternal Life; The Spring of Rejuvenating Life that Ponce [de Leon] sought (and found here 500 years ago)."

In Saxer's reading of classical history, the ancient sea god Poseidon, described by Plato as the patron god of Atlantis, is a pivotal figure. "Poseidon," Saxer explains, was "no imaginary figure," but rather "a wonderful genealogist extraordinaire…" The name Poseidon, he says, means "Possessor of Eden [i.e. 'Pos' + 'Eden']."

Poseidon's genetic manipulation resulted in the creation of what Saxer calls "the children of Eden." Humans are the descendants of an amphibious race of serpent men and women, who are able to reinstill their ideas through reincarnation as a race of elect avatars into humanity over time. Evidence of these creatures is preserved in the legends of Cecrops, the Nommo, Oannes, and Dagon.

Far more compelling than Saxer's "genetic fish hatcheries" are two carvings of human faces found on one of the monolithic stones located in downtown Port Richey. The carvings show two flat, rather featureless human faces, one with an open mouth, the other with mouth closed.

"According to Saxer, they portray 'Adam' and 'Eve,'" writes Archie Eschborn. "One thing is certain: they do indeed appear to be ancient, carved faces similar to counterparts on the other side of the Atlantic, and at some ancient sites in North America."

The Earth Flip

Saxer's theory about the catastrophic earth flip that destroyed Atlantis and caused the Great Flood was sparked by the reproduction of strange old map he found in a book that showed Atlantis upright with the rest of the earth upside-down (presumably, the map drawn by Father Athanasius Kircher in 1665, reproduced in Charles Berlitz's *Atlantis*).

"The earth," Saxer realized, "was upside-down before the Flood of Noah." The Flood was caused by an earth flip that inundated the globe, scattering the Atlantean fleet, as well as their anchors, which are now to be found littered across the Florida landscape.

"Humankind and the earth are now in a dangerous position. What I see in the evidence of the rocks suggests the possibility of a worldwide future disaster if another such world flip occurs." This will not be, Saxer warns, "a Hollywood comedy to be amused by, but an actual up and coming worldwide disaster beyond biblical in scale. Waves as high as three miles will be traveling over continents at 300 plus miles per hour as the earth flips pole-to-pole 180 degrees plus or minus ten degrees or so at every 6,400 years."

Saxer connects this earth flip with human thoughts. Human emotions have the ability to attract or repel the phantom

planet Saxer holds responsible for these recurrent disasters. Violence and destruction somehow work to attract the planet into the vicinity of our orbit.

Saxer's idea of a cosmic disaster linked to earthly catastrophes like the one that destroyed Atlantis exists as far back as Plato's original account. Plato begins his *Timaeus* dialogue with an allegorical interpretation of the myth of Phaethon crashing his father's chariot into the earth, a myth which, Plato writes, "really signifies a deviation from their courses of the bodies moving around the Earth and in the heavens."

Saxer's earth flip idea has precursors in Whitley Strieber's book *The Secret School* and Edgar Cayce's psychic readings, both of which trace the destruction of Atlantis to what Cayce cryptically calls a "changing" of "the poles," although Cayce places this first of three Atlantean disasters many thousands of years earlier than Saxer's, at around 50,000 B.C.

An Emperor and an Avatar

"I am basically a Merovingian king, trying to warn the world—a tool to tell the truth," Saxer says. "There is a world of possibility, and mankind has a choice: between destruction and peace. If the human race can achieve peace before 2012, disaster can be averted. Whatever enemies the nations of the earth think they face, no enemy is so bad as a possible worldwide deluge. There are worse things, even, than the devil. Be peaceful. We all ought to get along, and so push this planet, Marduk, Nibiru, whatever it is called, mentally push it away by being peaceful."

Later, Saxer says, "I'm not doing this for myself, since I see no future for the earth beyond 2012 if we do not change our ways and become more peaceful. I'm doing this in order to save the world."

Saxer reasons that his own authority preempts that of all the crowned heads of Europe. He is the true emperor of Christendom. Saxer traces both English and American democracy to "Swiss common law," the American Bill of Rights being "a descendant" of Swiss ruler, Johane Peter von Sax.

"I am humbled and proud to be his descendant," Saxer writes. "My family 'von Sax' was responsible for bringing modern democracy to the world."

Saxer says he was led along the path toward rediscovering this heritage through some force of genetic manipulation or divine intervention. "At the age of 12, I was able to recite from memory passages of Swiss common law—passages I had never read. How could I know that?"

"The proof that this secret process of reincarnation exists is that this is the only way that human religion can be sustained throughout history." Extraterrestrials created the mermen and mermaids of ancient Atlantis so that these creatures would have a bloodline in which to reincarnate themselves throughout time.

In his writings, however, Saxer goes

even further, and identifies himself, not only as a king, but a messiah. Saxer's proof of this is that he has found Eden: "IF THE AVATAR CAN NOT GET TO Biblical EDEN, than [sic] TRUE EDEN will come to the AVATAR."

Unlike many other mouthpieces of divine law throughout human history, Saxer's claims are resolutely democratic and anti-authoritarian. His avatar status is less a messianic ascension than a persona he took upon himself, enabling him to stand up to what he terms "false authority."

Leaving Saxer's house, I inquired about his rent.

"I don't pay rent," Saxer tells me with a smile. "Not since I knighted the owner of the house. I was just a king then, not an emperor, like I am now. I knighted the guy and saved $2,000 rent by giving him a $35 sword."

Reactions to Saxer's Claims

Reactions to Saxer's claims have been various. Archie Eschborn observes in *Ancient American*, "While neither [archaeologist William] Donato nor I were willing to embrace Saxer's Garden of Eden explanation, there seems to be some archaeological evidence to suggest that ancient trade may have taken place along the Florida coast."

That this ancient trade may have some relation to the copper-mining cultures of ancient pre-Columbian America described by Frank Joseph in *The Lost Pyramids of Rock Lake* seems likely. The ancient mounds of Aztalan in Wisconsin, as well as those excavated in Ohio and Missouri, contain sand and shells specifically imported from the Florida Gulf Coast, luxury goods reserved for the aristocratic and priestly elite and which served ritualistic and ceremonial purposes.

Atlantean scholars and FATE readers will find much to criticize in Saxer's theories, and no doubt many will see little that is new in his ideas. Still, much of Saxer's methodology, questionable as it is, has a much earlier exemplar: Plato himself. Plato attempted to validate his story of Atlantis by attributing it to priests of the much older Egyptian tradition. While Saxer's approach is highly syncretic, so too, is Plato's. Plato's legend of Atlantis combines diverse Hebrew, Egyptian, and Greek elements within his narrative. Saxer's association of a catastrophic earth flip with human violence and negative emotions is no less moralistic than Plato's account of the destruction of Atlantis due to the corruption, violence, and decadence of its inhabitants.

Whatever one believes, Saxer still has the stones, and the Florida stones are not part of Saxer's imagination, no matter how he has subsumed them into the fabric of his syncretic beliefs. ❀

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The Old Quaker Lane Schoolhouse

Annapolis, Illinois

The author in the interior of the ruined schoolhouse.

by Todd M. Bates

Our initial investigation of the Old Quaker Lane Schoolhouse in Annapolis began June 3, 2002, and we have conducted ongoing investigations at this location since then. We have had many encounters here, with several witnesses to back them up along with physical evidence including photos, videos, and electronic voice phenomena (EVP). Before sharing our experiences, here's a brief history of the school.

The Old Quaker Lane Schoolhouse was in full operation until 1944, when it was sold to a local landowner who permanently closed it. The school had instructed children from grades one to eight and had been operated by only one

teacher. There was no electricity or heat (other than an old wood stove) until the early 1940s. The building is very small and is now being used as a storage area for the landowner. It was set up like a lot of other schools of this time, with a large woodshed, well pump, boys' and girls' outhouses, and a large playing area.

EVP Recorded

Since our first investigation of the school in the late spring and early summer of 2002, we have compiled many true stories and different forms of evidence of the paranormal. We instantly fell in love with this little school, and we visited it at least four times a week in the late evening hours. On our first few visits, we stayed outside of the school to let the spirits in the area become familiar with us. We set up the video camera in the west window that focused on the center of the school as well as the teacher's podium.

At first we didn't speak to the spirits in order to let them "feel us out" and sense that we were not there to harm them. We also took some photos for our records and found them to be quite interesting. After a little wait, we began to speak with them and told them our intentions. We asked if they would mind communicating with us as well as let us photograph them.

We stayed on this first investigation about four hours and then left so we could analyze the evidence that we had gathered. Upon viewing the videotape later on, we heard very clear moans that appeared to be coming from a small female child. The moans turned into words saying, "Mom." The child spoke as if she had lost her mother and didn't know who to turn to. We also captured the sounds of children singing "Joy to the World."

We returned to the school two nights later with our recording equipment. We set up the camera once again in the west window while we went to the other side of the school to try and capture some EVP.

We arrived at the old well pump and set up our equipment. We explained to the spirits once again why we were at this location and what we intended to accomplish by communicating with them. We set up the recorder by the old well and let it record while we went to the other side of the building.

We later learned that a man and small child had been killed in this well a long time ago. The EVP we captured from this area was a very clear "Help." It sounds as if it came from inside the well. This really increased our interest in this location, and we found more history and background of the area.

Our second major investigation was a lot more personal and really got our attention. We were waiting for the land owner to clean a few things out of the schoolhouse before we went inside, so we continued to film from outside the west side window. While filming the inside of the building, a very bright and perfectly round orb came out from behind some stacked wood. I immediately focused on this ball of light as it slowly traveled right in front of the camcorder. This was

Interior of the ruined Quaker Lane Schoolhouse.

recorded in complete darkness using night vision, and the ball of light was visible for over four minutes. I attempted to communicate with the anomaly, but no response was given and the object eventually disappeared into the ceiling. This was a great breakthrough because now we had something trying to contact us.

Happy Children

This school was a happy place for many children, and it seems to draw them back. We have captured EVP of children singing, talking, and playing.

My wife Kris was videotaping one night at our usual spot when she noticed two small anomalies inside the building. She tried to communicate with them. Soon after, we saw the two anomalies fly out of the window right next to her.

At this point on the tape, we could hear a child saying, "Hey." A second later another child says, "Hey, Daddy."

Kris could not hear these voices at the time, but she did hear a commotion in the woods next to her. Looking over, she saw a little girl running into the woods.

We were amazed with the evidence we captured that night and determined to figure out just what was going on.

We began investigating the inside of the schoolhouse on our next hunt. The owner had finally cleared it out. The inside was old and showed its age. The smell of mildew was heavy, and the ceiling was falling down in certain areas. We covered some of the holes in the floor that had been created by age and weather. Most of the windows were broken, but we could still see where the curtains had hung. The teacher's platform was still in good shape at the head of the classroom, and the chalkboard outline was still visible on the wall. The old stove was in good shape as well.

Deteriorated ceiling.

Later that evening we began our first internal investigation of the schoolhouse. We entered the darkness of the school, and it was peaceful. We stood inside for a few minutes to let the spirits become familiar with us. Our hair stood on end; we knew we were not alone.

We began with the photo session and captured great photographs with shots of orbs, strange lights, and portals. We then moved on with the EVP session, and stated, "If anyone would like their picture taken, please stand next to Todd."

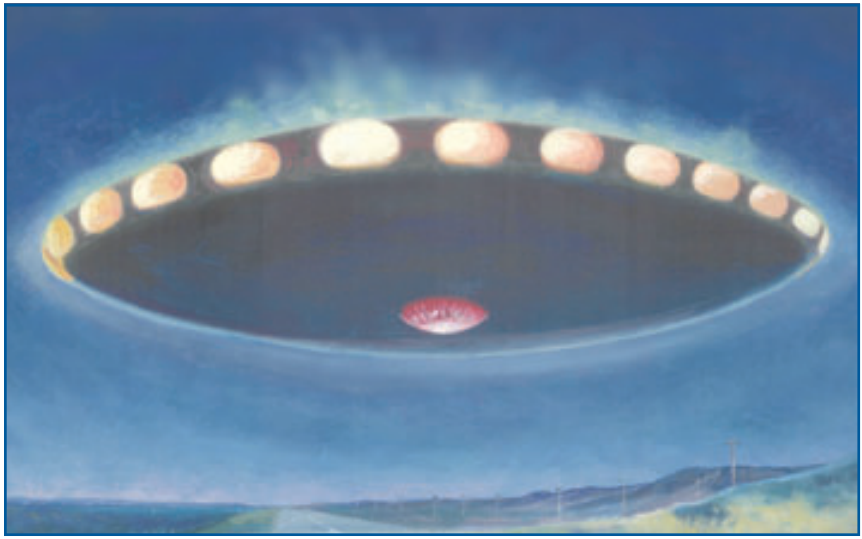
We later heard a response from a child: "Picture me."

We left the recorder running and went outside for some fresh air. When the evidence was analyzed, we heard another child saying, "They're gone." It was great to see that sprits were beginning to interact with us.

This location turned out to be very active. The owner of the school, Scott Oakley Holmes, passed away recently, and I would like to dedicate this story to him and his personal school, which he attended as a child. May he rest in peace. ❀

***Todd M. Bates** is an EVP instructor and radio host who is the owner and founder of the Haunted Voices Radio Network.*

Do UFOs Have a Metaphysical Aspect?



A hovering UFO. But what else is going on?

painting by Mike Boss

by Virginia M. Tilly

Untold amounts of high-strangeness UFO-abduction information has been ignored, rejected, or never even noted. When an investigator is told by a UFO witness, "I had the feeling that I was being watched," it has been dismissed as the thinking of an attention-seeking individual. In gathering data there is typically no place to record much in the way of subjective reality.

The percipient may relate to the investigator: "This may sound crazy, but just before this happened I had a sudden urge to go for a walk," despite the fact that it was after dark on a clear, quiet weeknight. The excursion inexplicably leads to some deserted place, such as a field or an empty parking lot.

The supposedly least credible witness of all is the one who reports repeated UFO sightings. It seems illogical that while most people never see a UFO (even if they want to or try to) others see several of them.

Openings such as these, however, provide an observant investigator with an op-

portunity to ask questions of a more metaphysical nature. Most researchers are committed to gathering information about physical reality only: Can it be measured? Weighed? Disassembled? Analyzed? Photographed? They remain faithful to the modern Western world's dedication to reductionistic science.

Speaking to his colleagues at Harvard University in 1895, psychologist and philosopher William James said, "There is included in human nature an ingrained naturalism and materialism of mind which can only admit facts that are actually tangible. Of this sort of mind the entity called 'Science' is the idol. Fondness for the word scientist is one of the notes by which you may recognize its votaries; and its short way of killing any position it disbelieves is to call it unscientific."

We live in an era in which the scientific view has been that the supernatural, or paranormal, cannot exist; therefore, it does not exist. Thus, either no attempt, or only a very cursory one is made at explaining unusual phenomena. More frequently that type of information has just been ignored. In far too many instances the subjective facts have not even been collected.

Pressures for the Investigators

There are so many elements of the UFO phenomenon that are illogical, unreasonable, unbelievable, or just too weird to be given serious consideration by scientific observers. It is not surprising that the door has been closed to investigating or even contemplating the most paranormal claims of UFO and abduction percipients. An investigator who wants to be taken seriously rarely includes details that seem more appropriate for ghost hunters, parapsychologists, New Agers, or even demonologists and exorcists.

Only a few intrepid investigators have gathered information in UFO reports about the metaphysical aspects of this phenomenon, such as psychokinesis, materializations and dematerializations, levitation, mental telepathy, clairaudience, clairvoyance, clairsentience, synchronicities, religious visions, or even anomalous animals.

An Unparalleled Enigma

Jacques Vallée is a scientist well known for his investigations into the absurdities (or "metalogic") of the UFO phenomenon. In his evaluation of the metaphysical aspects involved, he has said: "The key to an understanding of the UFO phenomenon may lie in the psychic effects it produces (or the awareness it makes possible) in some observers; whose lives are deeply changed and who develop unusual talents with which they may find it difficult to cope…"

Individuals who have close encounters and/or abduction experiences are sometimes frightened, sometimes confused, but always amazed by phenomena that happen to and around them, or by what they themselves are suddenly able to do. Curiously, many investigators begin to experience anomalies in their own lives

as they become more involved in these high strangeness cases.

UFO craft exhibit puzzling aspects, such as their seeming ability to defy the laws of physics as we currently understand them. They travel at incredible speeds, hover silently, morph into different shapes, and seem to defy gravity. In the blink of an eye, they appear and disappear. Even with our best stealth technology we cannot render objects invisible.

In CE IIIs and CE IVs (close encounters of the third and fourth kinds), there is a great probability that the sudden disappearance of a craft at close range is the point at which an apparent abductee is "switched off," then "on" by the force with which they have been interacting.

These beings seem to materialize and dematerialize before the witnesses' eyes.

ET Seems to Be Able to Materialize and Dematerialize

The entities associated with UFOs also display incredible abilities. Often these seem to be passed on to the human in such cases.

These beings seem to materialize and dematerialize before the witnesses' eyes. On several occasions I have had abductees attempt to describe what that looks like. Some have explained it as dissolving either in midair or in a misty haze. Others say they twinkle or sparkle as they seem to disintegrate.

After hearing many such descriptions, I was amazed when I read in an older book the following account: "I heard a peculiar rumbling sound… His body began to melt gradually within the piercing light. First his feet and legs vanished, then his torso and head…faded; nothing remained before me but the…window and a pale stream of sunlight."

On another occasion the same author wrote: "There was a sudden flash; we witnessed the instantaneous dechemicalization of the electronic elements of [his] body into a spreading vaporous light… trillions of tiny…sparks faded into the infinite reservoir."

This passage from *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramahansa Yogananda relates the disappearance of the spiritual entity with whom Yogananda had interacted on numerous occasions early in the 20th century.

Isn't That Impossible?

Another metaphysical aspect displayed by these beings is the ability to pass through walls, roofs, and closed doors or windows, often with a human in tow. Almost every abductee has at least one of these episodes to relate. Several have told how they tried to stiffen their bodies and pull back as they were being escorted toward a solid wall. The next thing they

knew they were on the other side without having felt anything.

One unusual case involved a woman who told me that while lying in her bed one night she felt herself being drawn through a bedroom window head first, face down, arms pulled back at her sides. She could feel the glass as it seemed to drag across her face and body until she was out to about her waist. It seemed to her that something was not quite right. She had gone through walls and windows before without feeling anything.

The next thing she knew her direction reversed, and in a moment she was back in her room. She found herself almost immediately moving out the window again, this time quickly and without the earlier sense of drag across her face and body.

One very young girl asked her abductors how they could take her so easily through a closed door. Her guide told her that it was actually quite simple, but human scientific knowledge was rather primitive so we did not yet understand how this was accomplished. He added that very soon humans would begin to understand how to do this and much more.

Anomalous Animals Connected with Abductions

Another perplexing phenomenon associated with UFOs and abductions is the presence of anomalous animals. Out-of-place or oversized animals, Sasquatch-type beings, mixed-species entities, or even mythological animals may be observed in the general area of UFO sightings or around people who have sightings or abductions. This can occur before, during, and after UFO activity.

Most frequently reported is a black panther, always totally outside of its natural habitat. Occasionally a green lizard-man or a Mothman-type entity is observed. Localized reports of similar encounters are typically given by several independent witnesses.

I have collected several reports of Sasquatch-type creatures. One of my most interesting came from a 14-year-old boy. A few days after I had been on a local radio program talking about UFOs, one of my students approached me after school and cautiously asked if he could tell me about something that had happened to him. On a cold January night the previous year he had suddenly decided to go for a walk. He noticed a very bright light in the sky that seemed to follow him. Before long he heard a soft beeping sound. He remembered little else from that night, and remained quite puzzled by it.

After telling me about this event he asked if I believed in Bigfoot. When I assured him that I felt that there had to be something to all of the sightings, he told me that on several occasions he had seen such a creature. Curiously, it always seemed to be observing him. This happened when he was visiting his grandmother in a remote area of Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

Mothman-like creatures are sometimes seen around UFO sightings.
painting by Mike Boss

Unusual Animals in the "Zone of Strangeness"

As an individual is drawn into the zone of strangeness, he may encounter a hauntingly attractive or compelling animal. Two most frequently reported are a deer or an extremely large owl. The animal is suddenly observed directly in view, usually remaining motionless while staring intently at the human with large, dark, mesmerizing eyes. Typically this is one of the last things remembered before a missing-time experience occurs.

I suspect that these and other animals (ravens, wolves, butterflies, or bees) may be a form of screen memory used to distract a human at the beginning of an abduction experience. In some cases, they may even be shape-shifters.

Why are so many of these unusual animals observed by UFO witnesses and abductees? Is the creature some part of the UFO phenomenon? Is this some form of energy or force attracted for some reason to people who have these experiences? Is it possible that the experiencer is viewing another dimension or reality? Or is it even possible that the individual herself is creating or releasing an energy by which they materialize?

Men in Black Make Appearances Too

Another long-standing curiosity connected with these experiences is the phenomenon of MIBs, or Men in Black. These unusual beings were common in the 1950s and '60s, and rarely heard of in the '70s and '80s. They are again more frequently reported.

People who encounter MIBs are those who have had close encounters of the first, second, and third kinds, abductees (CE IVs), as well as UFO investigators. In most cases the targeted person is alone when she is visited by one, or more typically three, of them. Almost always male, they are described as being either pale-skinned, almost colorless, or as having an Oriental complexion and facial characteristics.

Usually only one individual speaks. The voice is often a flat, expressionless

monotone. Many say that somehow they do not seem real with their stiff, awkward movements. Frequently they do not seem to understand how to operate fairly simple devices. They are dressed in a black suit, white shirt, black tie, a brimmed black hat, and dark sunglasses.

If a vehicle is observed it is typically a late model, immaculate, large black car, generally a Cadillac. When license numbers have been recorded and checked out, there is never such a registration in existence. Invariably a message is delivered to the human about knowing too much, getting out of this field of research, or not talking about it with anyone.

Black Helicopters as MIBs?

In recent years, UFO investigators and abductees have had repeated close encounters with large, black, unmarked helicopters. These are generally Hueys equipped with a special antenna. There are no identifying numbers, marks, or insignia anywhere on these craft. Even the windows are so dark that when seen at close range it is impossible to observe who (or what) is inside. They fly illegally, making low passes, circling or hovering over populated areas, all without proper identification.

The Rev. Barry Downing has suggested that these may not really be helicopters. Many people are beginning to consider these helicopters to be the modern version of the Men in Black. They feel that those who control the supposed helicopters are trying to intimidate and scare them away from learning anything more about UFOs.

While I have personally had several experiences with black helicopters, I have never felt intimidated or threatened by them. I do, however, resent their intrusion into my personal life and I feel very closely observed.

A curious sidelight to this issue can be found in an entry in *Harper's Encyclopedia,* stating that in "Eastern mysticism the MIBs have a parallel in the 'Brothers of the Shadow,' evil beings who try to prevent occult students from learning the great truth."

Mind Control

An abundance of evidence about close encounters shows that there is intense control of the human mind during an abduction experience. Whatever the method used to achieve this control, an experiencer is inexplicably and suddenly influenced to act or to think in certain ways. While driving he may suddenly, without provocation, turn down a deserted road. Or he may, during a solo walk, unexpectedly go into a wooded area or to a lonely park.

Or he may awaken to become aware that there is an intruder going into a sleeping child's room. He first thinks: *I must get up and go to my child's room to protect her!* but then inexplicably concludes: *Oh, everything's okay. I'll just go back to sleep now*. Invariably in the morning the child

Men in black.

relates a very strange dream or memories of some strange being at his or her bedside during the night.

Abductees report that as much as 100 percent of the communication during their experiences is done telepathically. Most abductees report having heard their names called telepathically at the beginning of the encounter. Only rarely is the name heard aurally. Their name may be repeated over and over until they respond in some manner. On some occasions as an individual is recalling having heard that voice (usually reported as sounding male and only occasionally as having a mechanical sound quality) they become agitated and say something like, "He's inside my head!"

Frequently abductees explain how, in their terror, they mentally struggle with, challenge, or question their captors. Many recall having been given the thought that their resistance makes the experience much more complicated and unpleasant than it needs to be. Many of them are led to believe that their mental resistance also led to controlling and ending the experience. This may be another example of a screen memory.

Most percipients report that post-abduction changes include being able to use telepathy in their daily lives. Many report being able to think of someone and have them call or appear in a short time. Or they send mundane messages (e.g., "Bring me a candy bar") to someone who then, without knowing or even wondering why, responds in the appropriate manner. Some claim that they can look into the eyes of another person and read what is in his thoughts.

Development of Clairaudience

Closely associated with telepathy is clairaudience, the clear or acute perception of sounds, music, and voices from no apparent external source. Many abductees begin to experience such skills at an early age. While most do not associate it with their close encounters, there are too many commonalities among these incidents to ignore the connection.

Clairaudience includes being given messages while in a dreamlike state, just before falling asleep or waking. Most

clairaudience is perceived as an internal voice distinctly different from one's own.

Many abductees report hearing music in their heads, something quite different from having a catchy song or jingle on your mind. It seems to be received internally as though it were a recording playing. It usually comes as a surprise, then suddenly shuts off.

Abductees frequently hear their names called, again internally. This has been going on for centuries. King Solomon heard his name called, as did Moses and Samuel, and also Mohammed, Socrates, and Joan of Arc. The contacted individual is usually told to go to a certain location, or to engage in a particular activity, like cleaning up the Earth's environment or to improving one's eating habits. Others report being forewarned about disasters or other approaching events.

We can only wonder what may be involved with those who hear voices that tell them to preach or to start cults. Some have been instructed to arm themselves heavily and to gain complete mental and physical control of their followers and as many other souls as possible. It is clear that not all such communication is of a positive or constructive nature. Furthermore, not all messages are meaningful, and some are downright dishonest.

Do Abductees Also Become Clairvoyant?

Clairvoyance is defined in *Harper's Encyclopedia of Mystical and Paranormal Experiences* as "The perception of current objects, events, or people that may not be discerned through the normal senses." It "may manifest in internal or external visions, or a sensing of images."

Many percipients relate experiences that they or their family members have had which could be called clairvoyance.

On several occasions, one woman would envision a car, complete with license number, and within hours see that exact car. The same woman had a vision of a house on a vacant field across the road. She said it sat at an odd angle and had rather unique windows. Within a year the land had been sold and the house, exactly as she had seen it, was constructed.

Another woman became frantic when, at our scheduled meeting time, I arrived at her home relating how I had just witnessed a small plane crashing. I calmed her, reassuring her that everything was okay. The only person in the plane, the pilot, had crawled out with only minor injuries. That was not the problem, she told me. She had had a dream a few days earlier about my coming in and telling her exactly what I had just related.

Later that day this woman's husband was scheduled to be released from a brief stay in a local hospital. The night before he had told her that after their now 22-month-old son had been born he had known that after a second child was born he himself would be hospitalized. He added that it would not be serious and that he would be home in a short time.

More than a year before, his wife had had another of her clairvoyant dreams. In that vision their small son stood next to the rocking chair in which she sat holding a baby in her arms. The older boy asked, "Mommy, when is Daddy coming home from the hospital?"

"Daddy is going to be fine," she assured him. "He'll be home in a few days."

This woman rarely discusses her dream-visions, as they usually involve emotionally charged events centered on people with whom she is very close.

Dealing with Clairsentience

Though rarely called by its more metaphysical name, clairsentience, many abductees report an acute psychic perception involving any or all of their physical senses: seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, or touching, as well as emotions that become psychic and intuitive impressions.

Many abductees become aware up to several hours in advance that an abduction is going to take place. Often they hear a buzzing sound or tone in their heads. They have the disquieting feeling that someone is hovering nearby, watching and listening. Work and other activities are performed as if only going through the motions. They know that later that night they will once again be visited.

Children who have these feelings tend to become hyperactive, even aggressive, or withdrawn and moody. They may try to put off going to bed for as long as possible, or try to sleep anywhere other than in their own bed. In abductee families it is not uncommon to have a lot of bed-switching. Many will sleep on a sofa, the floor, a chair, or even on a table. Sometimes moving to another place to sleep seems to help, but usually it does not.

Often they say that they hear a buzzing, or a tone, in their heads.

An individuals may report a fleeting impression or feeling. Upon closer scrutiny this can be interpreted as a true instance of intuition, such as knowing which numbers to pick in the lottery, or that there is a police car nearby when one is driving too fast.

A number of years ago a percipient wanted to find another woman who had reported being assaulted and, as was not uncommon at the time, was being challenged by authorities. The percipient wanted to offer the victim moral and emotional support. With no idea how to find this woman, who lived in a remote rural area near a small village, she started driving, using gut-level instincts alone. Without knowing why, at several places she suddenly turned down various roads and within a remarkably short time found herself at the victim's home. After a brief explanation, she was warmly received.

Volumes could be filled with such experiences collected by open-minded in-

vestigators. Many have had such experiences themselves, whether or not they will admit to it publicly.

A serious-minded investigator was enthusiastically chasing a UFO across the countryside. When there was no longer a road to reach the area where the UFO hovered near the ground, he got out of his car. He climbed a fence and continued on foot across an open field, eager to experience his first close encounter.

Suddenly he stopped. He had a feeling that he should no longer continue. He hurried back to his car and left the scene without further thought. Afterwards he was dumfounded as to why he would have stopped this tantalizing pursuit.

Shouldn't Psychokinesis Be Impossible Too?

The ability of the mind to control the movement or activity of inanimate objects is known as psychokinesis. Not only do abductees report that their abductors display such powers, but many of them find that they too can use their own minds to do seemingly impossible things.

Doors and windows can be made to slam shut without anyone touching them. Lights may be dimmed, brightened, or turned off or on in the same inexplicable manner. Telephones, clocks, radios, televisions, and recording devices can have their operations disrupted, or be turned off or on without a touch. Later they usually function normally once again.

Animals have been affected too. More than once I have heard an abductee describe how he has gotten an insect or some other creature to change directions by concentrating on it or pointing at it.

Psychokinesis is erratic for most people. It may be something like someone wondering what he should do next and at that instant a book falls off of a shelf displaying pertinent information. It appears that the stronger one's emotions are at the time, the more successful the psychokinetic effects become.

What Does It All Mean?

The lives of individuals having close encounters are filled with metaphysical phenomena. Others include miracles and healings, space-time distortions, synchronicities, shadowy entities, poltergeist-like activity, empathy, and out-of-body experiences.

Is it just coincidence that these experiences have a transformative effect upon those who are abducted? Do these metaphysical aspects connected with the UFO phenomenon have meaning, or is it just an accidental byproduct? Apparently, only time and additional research of these unusual experiences will reveal that answer.

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Virginia M. Tilly *is a retired teacher with a master's degree and more than 25 years of teaching experience. She is also a certified hypnotherapist and has used that skill in regressing hundreds of abductees and other witnesses.*

Crop Circle Revelation

The Barbury Castle crop circle.

by George Wingfield

During the summer of 1991 interest in the crop circles in England reached a fever pitch. Newspapers were awash with photos of new formations and articles about this strange phenomenon. Fascinated members of the public converged on parts of Wiltshire where the circles were appearing and farmers often charged money for access to their cropfields.

Giving the subject a certain legitimacy was scientist Dr. Terence Meaden, meteorologist and author, who had proposed that an elusive natural phenomenon, the Plasma Vortex, was causing these mysterious patterns in the crops. To prove his theory he set up an observation project with a team of Japanese scientists on a hilltop between Calne and Devizes where a watch was carried out using radar and other scientific devices. Nevertheless, the agency that caused the crop circles continued to evade detection and, despite the appearance of some circles in the fields below, nothing definite was established.

During the previous year the phenomenon had progressed from simple circles in the corn to highly elaborate shapes called pictograms which embod-

ied both circles and rectilinear elements. Although most investigators (myself included) saw clear evidence of intelligent design, Dr. Meaden continued to insist that his plasma vortex was the answer, even suggesting that one could explode like some physical mechanism scattering cogwheels and springs, causing straight lines and possible key-shapes to result. Other researchers would cautiously allow that some unknown intelligence was at work, but at the start of 1991 there were few who seriously believed that the crop circles were all man-made.

So for quite some time, Dr. Meaden's theory became the official explanation and puzzled journalists and TV interviewers would frequently turn to him when the subject was discussed. On July 17, 1991, a vast new crop formation appeared in the fields below the Iron Age hill-fort called Barbury Castle. This attracted huge interest from "croppies" (crop circle enthusiasts), the public, and the media alike. But there was no possible way that this could be explained as resulting from a plasma vortex, and to his credit, Dr. Meaden declared it must be a man-made hoax. Even so, there were many who saw this new wonder as part of the genuine phenomenon.

All of this was just a few weeks before Doug and Dave came out with their claim in *Today* newspaper to have made all the crop circles—a claim not universally accepted since there were many formations, like this one at Barbury Castle, which they could not possibly have made.

The Milk Hill Script

In early August 1991 a strange new crop formation looking like a line of some unknown script was found in a wheat field below Milk Hill near Alton Barnes. Croppie John Martineau, who had been out on Milk Hill in the early hours, was first to report this and described it as a "line of runes." Runes are the characters of certain ancient secret alphabets, consisting mainly of squares with one or two sides missing in particular orientations. These symbols correspond to the letters of the alphabet. With his talk of runes, some wrongly suspected John himself of having hoaxed this formation.

Most of us were deeply puzzled by the meaning of this weird cipher. In due course *The Cerealogist,* "The Journal for Crop Circle Studies," under the editorship of John Michell, offered a prize of £100 to anyone who could come up with a convincing solution to the riddle. Many tried but no one succeeded.

The best known attempt was OPPONO ASTOS, suggested by the late Professor Gerald Hawkins, author of the book *Stonehenge Decoded.* Hawkins claimed that this meant "I oppose acts of craft and cunning" in Latin, although the accusative plural *astos* is a bit dubious. The acts of craft and cunning were held to be crop circle hoaxes.

Other cryptographers, similarly using a straight substitution code, produced EFFETE ORDER or else ESSENE ORDER, neither of which seemed relevant. Few saw any merit in these solutions.

A message in the crops—the Milk Hill script.

Others offered interpretations more in line with their crop circle beliefs. The American mystery-hunter Erik Beckjord had stamped out TALK TO US in a wheat field a few miles away two days earlier, a message presumably aimed at the aliens or whatever other intelligence lay behind the crop circles. He saw the Milk Hill Script as a reply, though curiously he decided that the message was in Korean. Michael Green, Chairman of the Centre for Crop Circle Studies, found the meaning of the crop cipher was in an Atlantean language known only to him. He claimed that the circlemakers' message meant "Creator, Wise and Loving."

The message was bounded by small circles at each end, which were not considered part of the text. That was correct. Hawkins assumed that the character **II** indicated a word break. It did not. For some reason he thought the message was in Latin. No, it was in English. More importantly, it was far from clear which way up the text was meant to be. That would determine whether it should be read from left to right or from right to left. In fact the text is the right way up as it is shown in the accompanying photograph, and Hawkins in producing his incorrect solution read the text from back to front.

When I was editor of *The Cerealogist* a year later, I renewed the challenge to translate the Milk Hill Script and also our offer of £100. Surely someone must know what these strange runes meant. I had assumed that by now, at any rate, the human circlemakers responsible would step for-

ward and claim the prize. But that was not to be.

I can now reveal the true meaning of the Milk Hill Script and hopefully I intend to award the £100 to Steve Marshall of Yatesbury, Wilts, who was the first person to inform me of it. He is not the circlemaker who laid down the formation and I'm still unsure whether that person (let us call him "A") was ever aware that a prize was on offer.

I used to assume that the creators of those magnificent crop formations back in 1991, which some referred to as the legendary "A-team" without knowing their identity, were probably people who were known to the croppies at the time. These A-team circlemakers, if they existed, I reasoned, would have found it difficult to resist hanging out in their newly produced circles during the day, and mixing with croppies who had come to wonder at them. They would have become familiar faces and might even have attended crop circle conferences at the time. But maybe I was wrong, and maybe this "A-team" shrunk from public view.

A few years ago another more recent circlemaker, "B," was out walking at the Cherhill monument which is on a hilltop in Wiltshire. He overheard a man he didn't recognize talking to some other visitors to the monument about crop circles. He clearly displayed a degree of inside knowledge on the subject. B waited until the others had left and then went over and talked with the man, who turned out to

Steve Marshall.

be "A." When A realized this was a fellow circlemaker, he became rather more candid. He told B that he and his friends had made the Barbury Castle formation in July 1991 and that they had also made the famous Milk Hill Script. To prove that what he was saying was true, he went on to reveal the meaning of this script. The simple message consisted of just three words run together:

MEADENTALKSSHIT

The A-team's little joke was to first write the lower half of the capital letters of this message up against a tractor "tramline." This would prove indecipherable—as it did—and then, when it had attracted sufficient attention, they would return by night and complete it. (Lettering of the message used by the A-team is examined in more detail in the sidebar.)

However the best laid plans of mice and men sometimes go awry. The farmer was not at all pleased by the appearance

of this cryptic inscription in his wheat field or by the subsequent invasion by croppies keen to examine it, believing that it might be a message from the aliens or from spiritual beings of a higher order. He destroyed it as soon as he could by harvesting the crop in that field. The A-team had no opportunity to return and complete their mischief. There were only a few aerial photos taken of the half-message during its brief existence, such as the one shown here taken by Jürgen Krönig.

Although neither the aliens, nor indeed myself, would have phrased it quite so crudely, the message does express a sentiment with which I would have concurred at the time. Meaden had indeed talked a lot of nonsense and this certainly helped give the crop circles a false legitimacy. This is in no way an attempt to shift the blame for the madness which the circles provoked at the time, since many of us were taken in, and it took a few years for some of the researchers to come back down to earth. In 1990 and summer 1991 this madness was at its height and there were few people prepared to even entertain the possibility that the whole phenomenon might be man-made.

Today there are still some diehard croppies who will dispute what I say, but they will find it hard to reject this solution to the mysterious cipher at Milk Hill. And, if they reluctantly accept that, they should also consider whether A and his friends made the great formation at Barbury Castle two weeks earlier. It seems most probable to me that this was indeed the case. ❀

George Wingfield *has lectured on crop circles and the UFO subject in England and the U.S. He has also appeared on TV and radio and contributed to books and magazines.*

The Milk Hill Script Lettering

It can be seen from the photograph that the lettering used in this message is composed entirely of straight lines and that no curved or diagonal components are present. What sort of script lettering did the authors of the message intend using?

My suggestion is that the intention was to mimic a basic type of font that is widely employed in displays using LCD or LED electronic devices, such as digital clocks or signs. The matrix used to represent each letter might, for example, be a seven-element LED display of the following shape: This consists of two squares joined together by a common side. As an LED device, each of the seven sides of the two squares can be lit or unlit and the resulting combinations are used to represent different numeric digits or letters. When such a matrix is used to represent the digits 0–9 only, the results are unambiguous and will be familiar to most people, since such numbers are

commonly used in digital clocks (with the vertical elements sloped slightly to the right).

Less familiar is the use of such a matrix to represent the capital letters of the alphabet. Clearly some letters, such as those with diagonal components, will be more poorly represented than those without. If we equate a lit LED with a side being present and unlit with it being absent, it can be shown how characters in this format can be used as an alphanumeric font. The LED character shown in the previous paragraph, with all sides lit or present, could be used to represent the digit 8 or the capital letter B.

Some LED displays of this variety are used to represent capital letters only. It can be seen that the capital letters A B C D E F G are represented fairly satisfactorily in this format:

And likewise, the letters H I L O P S U are:

One may object to the fact that D and O are represented identically and the same would be true for A and R. For these reasons a reduced character set of less than 26 letters must be used if one is to avoid ambiguity. Some of the capitals such as J K M N T Y are not so satisfactory but are still recognizable:

Clearly the representation of N as two verticals is not ideal, and there are capital letters such as O R Q V W X Z which cannot be easily represented without any ambiguity and are best avoided. Therefore one's short message might need to be restricted, say, by using a 19-character-only alphabet which avoids these letters.

Nevertheless the letters which we have defined above are sufficient to spell out the crop message. Using this font it appears as:

When the upper half of this lettering is removed, one gets the incomplete message, which is what actually appeared in the field:

Apart from the fact that the small gap in the middle was closed up a bit, this is exactly what was found below Milk Hill on that day back in August 1991. ❀

> The optimist proclaims that we live in the best of all possible worlds; and the pessimist fears this is true.
>
> —James Branch Cabell

Thirty Seconds over Pittsburgh

B-25 bomber.

by Robert A. Goerman

It began with a *whoosh!*

Afternoon rush-hour traffic on the Homestead High Level Bridge was shocked to a standstill as an olive drab behemoth swooped from the sky.

It was 4:09 p.m. on January 31, 1956. Although some would maintain that the TB-25N twin-engine bomber, serial number 44-29125, missed them by inches, cooler heads would prevail and estimate that the aircraft, longer than a streetcar with a 67-foot wingspan, missed clipping the bridge by a good 30 feet. Folks rushed to the railing in time to observe the plane, out of fuel, both engines silent, ditch in the icy waters of the Monongahela (locally known as the Mon) River below.

The bomber made a flawless belly landing. Suffering damage to its radio compass antenna housing, but otherwise completely intact, the rugged warbird raced downstream, serving as an impromptu lifeboat for the survivors before finally sinking about one mile and 17 minutes later near the Jones and Laughlin steel plant.

Every craft on the water rushed to the aid of the downed airmen. Officially rescued safely were Maj. William L. Dotson,

the pilot; Capt. John F. Jamieson, the co-pilot; MSgt. Alfred P. Alleman; and Airman Charles L. Smith, passengers. The bodies of Capt. Jean P. Ingraham, passenger, and SSgt. Walter E. Soocey, Crew Chief, were recovered on April 8 and May 28, 1956.

Dragging operations to locate the bomber began the following morning, and Patrolman Harry Ebaling of the River Patrol snagged what he believed to be the aircraft in the approximate location where witnesses said the aircraft sank. The Coast Guard Cutter *Forsythia* marked the location with a lighted buoy.

On Thursday, February 2, the *Forsythia* commenced dragging operations using a 350-pound anchor attached to a manila towrope two inches in diameter. An object was snagged at 6:00 p.m. and brought to the surface. It appeared to be a wing of the aircraft. The anchor slipped off the object and it sank back into the river. Another attempt snapped the towline, losing the anchor. A smaller anchor with a steel cable was rigged up and it was lost as well.

Searchers suspended all search and dragging operations pending the manufacture of a special "grappling hook" that was being produced by the Coraopolis Tool and Machine Company. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers arranged to have the dredging barge *Monello II* moved in for dragging operations.

River Patrol officers sent out a hurried call to the Coast Guard on Friday, February 3. Sgt. Pete Settnek said the buoy marking the sunken B-25 had drifted about half a mile downstream from its original position.

The *Monello II* arrived at 2:30 p.m. on February 4. The area where the airplane was briefly brought to the surface was swept thoroughly but nothing was found. In the meantime, the *Forsythia* arrived and proceeded to drag the main channel with the special grappling hook. All search operations were suspended at 7:30 p.m. when fog settled over the area and it became too dangerous to continue.

At least one report alleges that a gadget to detect radioactivity was aboard an Air Force H21 helicopter brought from Olmstead Air Force Base, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, that made several low passes up and down the Monongahela River on February 8. The reason given: some of the plane's dials were radium-coated to enable reading in the dark.

All official search operations were abandoned by Valentine's Day. The Air Force put the B-25 up for sale on November 9, 1956, via sealed invitation bid. The only bidder was John Evans, of Pleasant Hills, a Pittsburgh-area seaplane pilot, who paid $10 for salvage rights to the $200,000 aircraft and spent months searching without luck.

Curious divers have since scoured every inch of river bottom. All they ever got was wet. Everything from crude grappling hooks to modern detection devices have been employed over the years. No trace of that aircraft was ever found.

It was as if it never existed.

Twenty Years Later

I can remember when every Friday night was "Bob" night. My marriage was just beginning. The marriage of my best friend and colleague Bob Johns had ended in bitter divorce.

Bob was my good right arm. He had formerly served as a navy crew chief on a P2V-3 Patrol Bomber, held a commercial pilot's license, and worked as a senior research technologist in the laboratories of the Allegheny-Ludlum Steel Corporation.

During one Friday get-together in January 1976, Bob described how emotional turmoil led to another sleepless night listening to talk radio. He recounted that a trucker had anonymously called the Perry Marshall show on KDKA and confessed that the CIA had hired three truckers to secretly deliver a chopped-up B-25 to the new Nike Missile site in Oakdale one night in 1956. Soldiers in military Jeeps allegedly escorted this convoy.

The story intrigued me so much that I telephoned the producer of the Perry Marshall show and offered our investigative services. With Bob at my side as "aviation consultant," our efforts to unravel this mystery began in earnest.

During our Friday, January 23, 1976, radio appearance, a man called in to tell us that he personally witnessed three flatbed trucks carrying sections of a large airplane a few days after the crash. These trucks crossed Route 30, just west of Pittsburgh. Military police stopped traffic until the trucks passed.

A woman caller said she knew a retired Air Force officer who claimed that he had seen the wreckage of that B-25 at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio, within a week of the crash.

The KDKA broadcast celebrating the 20th anniversary of the ill-fated flight featured MSgt. Alfred P. Alleman as our guest. We crossed the Rubicon that night and the rest was history.

As our investigation progressed and we spoke with other survivors of the crash, we learned that the higher the rank, the worse the memory.

The enduring mystery of Pittsburgh's B-25 bomber that vanished without a trace saved my friend's life. It became his obsession. I handed him the reins.

The Plot Thickens

Named in honor of the fearless U.S. Army Air Corps officer who was court-martialed in 1924 for his unrelenting belief in air power, the North American B-25 Mitchell bomber has often been described as the best aircraft in its class in World War II. It did a superior job in a wide variety of roles and missions. The B-25's most notorious exploit was the daring and morale-raising Doolittle raid on April 18, 1942. Sixteen B-25 bombers were launched from the deck of the U.S.S. *Hornet* in a surprise attack on Japan.

You can get a real feel for the size and power of this aircraft by watching *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo* or by visiting YouTube

and searching for "B-25 takeoff."

An aircraft 53 feet long and 16 feet high with a 67-foot wingspan had apparently vanished without a trace in a narrow and relatively shallow river. We believed, however, that every other aspect of this aircraft accident would be solidly documented and painless to research.

We were mistaken.

Officially, there were six men on board. However, if you interview all the folks on the river who rescued airmen and tally the score, the actual total is eight.

(1) Capt. Jean P. Ingraham drowned. Confirmed.

(2) SSgt. Walter E. Soocey drowned. Confirmed.

(3) MSgt. Alfred P. Alleman swam for the south bank and was pulled safely ashore by a passing truck driver, Don DeVine, and Baldwin Police Lt. Charles Colosi. Alleman was taken to St. Joseph Hospital.

(4) Capt. John F. Jamieson was pulled aboard the River Patrol launch *Beaver* by Sgt. P. R. Settnek and Patrolman R. W. Zurcher. Jamieson was turned over to a police ambulance at the foot of Hazelwood Avenue. A confidential source, supplied by KDKA, offered that this Jamieson was actually taken to Mercy Hospital.

(5) A2C Charles L. Smith was rescued by Capt. Steven Muick of the towboat *Charles Zubik*. Smith was taken to the Amoco tank farm on the Carson Street side, the south side of the river, and delivered to Magee Hospital.

(6 and 7) Two airmen were plucked from the river by Capt. Carol Long, Hank Cisclo, and Kenneth Hall aboard the towboat *Expediter* owned by the Ohio Barge Line, Inc. Captain Long confirmed that both men were in military dress without insignias. One appeared to be in his early 20s. The other was much older, in his 50s.

(8) Maj. William L. Dotson was saved when Mark Brandon and Isaac Dominic of the crew of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation towboat *Titan*, piloted by Capt. James D. Cypher, launched a skiff and pulled him to safety.

The *Titan* and *Expediter* docked together at the J&L plant landing at Rutherglen Street. The older "mystery airman," after a brief exchange with the ranking police officer at the scene, was immediately brought aboard the *Titan*. Captain Cypher offered Dotson and this older airman hot showers and coffee. All reporters were put off the boat while our mystery man summoned the FBI.

In Captain Cypher's own words, "They (the reporters) all wanted to swarm all over and we put them off, and we called the government. And the Government Men came there and that's the only ones we'd leave interview them."

The Air Force would not arrive until 6:30 p.m. Major Dotson and our mystery airman checked into Montefiore Hospital as Dotson and Jamieson. Even though Dotson and the real Jamieson had been photographed separately on board the *Titan* and at the Hazelwood Avenue lo-

cation, respectively, these two suddenly became camera-shy. Nurse Lillian O'Donnel revealed, "When the pilot and the co-pilot were being admitted, they were in the emergency room for a long time, but when they were being admitted to the room all the photographers and reporters were all around. Neither the pilot nor co-pilot wanted to be photographed. So I put a light towel over their faces and we took them, quickly, on a stretcher over to the room where they were being admitted."

During his February 27, 1976, interview on KDKA, Jamieson could not recall the name of the hospital, but denied sharing company with Dotson or anyone else. He stated: "No. No. I was taken by myself. I was completely separated from all of the other members of the crew… They all left before I did because I was held in the hospital for several days."

CAA (now FAA) records bear out that six survivors were rescued:

1655E—Pittsburgh CS/C notified MFS at Middletown that Pittsburgh City Police had rescued six occupants of the aircraft.

1730E to 1750E—Allegheny Tower called various hospitals attempting to locate the military personnel and obtained the following information:

St Joseph Hospital—

(1) Alfred P. Alleman—Condition fair, shock

MaGee Hospital—

(1) Charles L. Smith—Condition good

Montefiore Hospital—

(1) Capt. John F. Jamieson—Shock

(2) Maj. William L. Dotson—Shock

1805E—Allegheny Tower advised that they were unable to locate the other two survivors as the Air Force had requested that the police not give out any information.

Critical evidence has disappeared or been "routinely" destroyed. The photo departments of several Pittsburgh newspapers discovered that their photo-journalistic records of this particular event had gone missing. Promised logbooks became suddenly unavailable.

On Sunday, March 7, 1976, a former *Zubik* towboat crewmember, known by the CB handle "The Old Goat," chauffeured Bob Johns to a hidden landing beneath the Sewickley Bridge where he claimed that pieces of the cut up TB-25N were unloaded from barges onto three flatbed trucks.

Why the cloak-and-dagger retrieval of this aging aircraft in the middle of the night?

"There is no sign of it at all," says Bill Combs of the Army Corps of Engineers, "and there's something shady about that."

Why do credible witnesses, including MSgt. Alfred P. Alleman, continue to insist that the FBI arrived on the scene before the Air Force to enforce the secrecy?

Bob Johns was convinced that something on board that aircraft justified the clandestine removal and cover-up. Possibly something powerful and deadly; a nu-

clear device or nerve gas, perhaps.

Bob stressed that radioactive tracers were being used to measure dispersal patterns of nerve gas during tests at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds. He wondered about that helicopter reportedly dangling a radiation device that flew low over the Monongahela River on February 8, 1956. He asked, "Now, was it specifically brought into this area to search for immeasurable traces from the lightly irradiated cockpit instruments on the lost bomber…or was it looking for something else?"

If some portion of that secret cargo escaped retrieval in 1956, would that justify maintenance of security measures to this day? Was the alleged covert recovery only a disinformation smokescreen to disillusion further searches for the aircraft? Is all or part of the aircraft or its cargo still resting at the bottom of the Monongahela River?

Bob had remarried in 1980. He died on December 22, 1991. His manuscript about our investigation, *The Incident That Could Have Killed Pittsburgh,* was not published.

New Players, New Game

On January 31, 1994, Karen (widow of Robert) Johns was present at a press conference held by John Uldrich, a Minneapolis professor.

Standing before the dramatic Filmet, Incorporated, color mural created to show a B-25 sliding into the Monongahela River with the Highland High Level Bridge in the background, Uldrich promised to give the case of the vanishing bomber a fresh look-see.

"I'm not about to spend a lot of time and effort looking for something until I know it's there." Uldrich said that he first wanted to interview every available witness that might be able to establish whether the plane was secretly recovered by a covert operation before investing the many thousands of dollars necessary to scan the river. "If you're out there, anywhere, share with us what you know."

Karen Johns surrendered her late husband's files.

Thirty-eight days after this press conference marking, coincidentally, the 38th anniversary of the B-25 ditching and disappearance, I met privately with Uldrich and left that appointment with a bitter taste in my mouth. Uldrich knew that every witness to a clandestine removal of the aircraft or any security precautions employed was deluded, mistaken, or lying.

I called Karen and told her that she had made a huge mistake. There was, I discovered, no accountability regarding the total contents of Bob's files. One-of-a-kind taped interviews and documents could become lost. Confidential contact information was exposed.

Out of frustration, on March 18, I launched a barrage of Freedom of Information requests to the FBI, CIA, USAF, NSA, and the Army.

I received a telephone call at my home six days later. The female operative from

the National Security Agency was very polite and wanted me to explain in detail exactly what I knew and suspected about the circumstances surrounding AF44-29125.

"That's not how it works," I replied respectfully. "As I understand it, I make a request and you search your records. You find something or nothing. If you find something, you are supposed to either send me a sanitized copy for a modest fee or refuse my request on the basis of national security." Our conversation ended with my well-mannered lack of cooperation.

The FBI and Army came up "empty."

The Air Force sent me a thick folder containing the "releasable portions of the 31 January 1956 TB-25N aircraft mishap report," adding that "federal regulations provide that the cost of search and reproduction be assessed to the requester. The total fee in this instance has been waived."

Hiding behind Executive Order 12356, the CIA denied my request under FOIA exemptions: (b) (1) "applies to material which is properly classified pursuant to an Executive order in the interest of national defense or foreign policy" and (b) (3) "applies to the Director's statutory obligations to protect from disclosure intelligence sources and methods, as well as the organization, functions, names, official titles, salaries or numbers of personnel employed by the Agency, in accord with the National Security Act of 1947 and the CIA Act of 1949, respectively."

The CIA added: "By this action we are neither confirming nor denying the existence or nonexistence of such records."

By the 40th anniversary of the crash, two clearly polarized Pittsburgh forces struggled for dollars and headlines.

On one side stood Ray Duquesne, independent film producer for Two Wings and a Prayer Productions and his *Mystery of the Mitchell Ghost Bomber.* Seeking investors to raise five million dollars, Duquesne worked to make a docudrama based on our investigative research.

On the opposite shore was the "B-25 Recovery Group" founded by Uldrich in 1995. This four-man outfit ridiculed notions of security measures and clandestine retrieval. According to them, residents overreacted to the commotion, and gossip started making rounds of local taverns. In any case, they say, "the story makes for interesting listening, good speculation and can be heard in any one of Homestead's small bars for the price of a beer."

"I would meet people and go over their stories," said Bob Shema, operations director for the group. "In 15 years, I haven't come up with one eyewitness to the conspiracy theories. It's always some friend of a friend."

The B-25 Recovery Group searched for the airplane in 1995 using side-scan sonar and global-positioning satellite technology and found only cars, trees, and a wrecked paddle wheeler. One sonar image showed the outline of something that vaguely resembled a fuselage. Divers later

found it was a sunken wooden barge.

During a lecture in 1997, the group dropped a bombshell. They revealed the exact location of AF44-29125: mile marker 4.9, left descending bank, latitude 40.24.316N, longitude 079.57.144W.

"It's a little area across from J&L called Bird's Landing," said group member Matt Pundzak, a former Air Force intelligence officer. "We believe the aircraft is sitting under 10 to 15 feet of silt in 32 feet of water, 150 feet from shore." All the Recovery Group needed was $25,000 or so to cover the cost of conducting a comprehensive survey.

A Fish and Boat Commission sonar survey of the river released in 1998 showed an object that could have been a plane. It turned out to be a couple of barges and debris.

On December 2, 2000, the B-25 Recovery Group searched the Mon again. Divers explored and videotaped the Bird's Landing area for several hours and found it littered with metal and concrete debris.

On October 10–11, 2008, the B-25 Recovery Group launched a flotilla laden with high-tech sonar scanners, metal detectors, remote-controlled cameras, and ground-penetrating radar. They probed Bird's Landing. They searched another site where a river worker by the name of Bub Crain claimed that he pulled up airplane wreckage in 1958, but was told to dump it overboard and get back to work. They concentrated on finding the engine blocks, landing gear, tires, armor plating, gas tanks, and Plexiglas cockpit windows.

Searchers using a remote-controlled camera and sonar device found what they believed was a three-bladed propeller on the silt-covered river bottom. But when divers went down, they could not find it. The propellers on a B-25 measure nearly 13 feet in diameter.

One of the divers thought he found a wing about 20 feet long, five feet wide, and six inches thick. Every foot or so, bolt heads protruded through it. One end looked as if it had broken off something. Alas, the umbilical supplying him with air snagged and he had to backtrack to free it. He was unable to find it again.

Subsequent dives failed to produce any solid evidence that the B-25 was there.

It was like déjà vu all over again. The space-age technologies of tomorrow failed to reveal the secrets of yesterday.

Maybe the plane is not in the river. Do you have the last piece of this puzzle? ❀

Author's Note: Closson Press recently released *The Incident That Could Have Killed Pittsburgh.* For more information, go to *www.clossonpress.com.*

Robert A. Goerman *writes "Investigating the Paranormal," an online column at* www.fatemag.com.

The Lady in White

Ghost of the Belhurst Castle

Belhurst Castle.

by David Sakmyster

The Belhurst Castle sits on the edge of a hundred-foot cliff overlooking Seneca Lake in the small town of Geneva, New York, in the heart of Finger Lakes country. In January 2000, I surprised my wife-to-be with a romantic getaway at the Belhurst Castle, about 40 miles from our home in Rochester.

I knew nothing about the castle, other than that you needed a small fortune to stay the night in one of its guest rooms. I had never come across any tales about ghost sightings or anything remotely supernatural, although to look at its ivy-covered red limestone walls, turrets, balconies, and sloping rooftops, you can't escape the impression that it might be haunted.

Waiting Apparition

On a bitterly cold January night, we stayed in the most expensive room, the Tower Suite, with a panoramic view of the grounds and the lake. Around 2:00 a.m., while sipping champagne and enjoying the view out the balcony window, we both saw *something*.

Outside below us on the lawn, a woman in a white dress stood just past the dim walkway lights, her back to the castle. She was standing there, staring out at the lake as if watching or waiting for someone. My fiancée and I said nothing for a long minute, then Amy asked, "Do you see her?"

I mumbled that I did. My hair was standing on end, my flesh tingling. For some irrational reason, I had the terrifying thought that at any moment she would turn and look up at us, and in that moment my heart would stop.

We continued staring, trying to make out more details, and I tried to convince myself that what I was seeing was a trick of moonlight and shadow. Finally Amy pulled me away, whispering, "She doesn't want to be seen."

Years later, I would come to disagree strongly with my wife on this point. The ghost down there got exactly what she wanted: to be seen.

We turned off the lights and went to sleep. At least, Amy did. She was snoring in moments, but I had no such luck. For the next three hours, I heard odd whispers from the shadows, strange noises throughout the room. The walls knocked. The stairs leading up to the turret creaked as if someone had stealthily ascended and then come back down. Windows rattled.

In the morning, after only a fitful hour of sleep, I went down and asked if there had been a wedding the night before, as the Belhurst often catered to wedding parties. The answer was no, nothing for several weeks, and I got an odd look from the hostess.

We checked out, drove home, and didn't talk again about what we'd seen until October, when the six o'clock news ran a story about local hauntings. I turned up the volume when I saw the backdrop of the Belhurst Castle; the reporter was talking about a local Geneva legend, about sightings occurring for nearly a century of a lady in white seen usually on the back lawn, late at night, by visitors and staff members alike.

We looked at each other, and after a moment of shock, I got on the Internet and started doing some research. Rumors surrounded the place, I learned, myths of a tragedy on the land before the castle was built. Most notably there was a tale that had made its way into folklore, collected in the book *Listen for a Lonesome Drum* by Carl Carmer, published in 1936.

Doomed Affair

The legend spoke of a doomed love affair, of a Spanish don who fell for an opera singer in Madrid. The lovers fled to America with a sizeable fortune the man had stolen from his jilted wife. At this spot in Geneva they built a little house. Expect-

ing to be pursued, they constructed an escape tunnel leading down to the lake.

Years passed, then one night the alarms were triggered: Spanish soldiers had tracked them there! The don and his lover fled into the tunnel, pursued by the vengeful Spaniards. But the don had thought ahead; he had created a clever booby trap that would collapse the tunnel behind them. Believing his lover was already waiting for him by the boat, he sprang the trap and sprinted out to the beach. The tunnel collapsed, but she was still inside. Devastated, he dug for her to no avail. Finally, he sailed away, leaving her body and the stolen gold behind.

Eventually, the don took refuge in a monastery, where he lived out his life in sorrow. But it is said that the opera singer's ghost still roams the lawn and wanders the castle hallways and grounds to this day, searching for her lover.

As colorful as this tale was, it didn't sit right with me. I read everything I could find on the castle, and on Geneva and its early history. The area had been home to the six nations of the Iroquois, and it was on this spot that they had their village of Kanadesaga (coincidentally meaning "old castle"). For generations, the Indians had believed this land was sacred. A short distance away they kept their ceremonial burial ground: a mound that American colonists promised to leave undisturbed in a treaty signed in 1788. (Now there's a gas station over the spot, and a small memorial hidden in the weeds).

I visited the historical society and spent hours in the library, poring through old newspapers on microfilm until my eyes were blurry and my head hurt. Slowly, I pieced together the history of the land, its residents and structures. And what an amazing history it was!

The Opera Singer

Old photographs hang on the wall as you climb the ornate stairway up to the guest rooms. One framed black-and-white photograph stands out: a woman with a melancholy look to her eyes, her chin resting on her fist, staring off into the past.

She's wearing a white dress.

Her name was Carrie Harmon Collins, and she built the Belhurst castle. Born in 1849, she was a relative of the great politician Henry Clay. Her husband, Samuel Harmon, worked at a profitable wheel manufacturing company in Ohio owned by Carrie's father. She loved the arts and opera, and was pursuing a medical degree in New York City, apparently without her husband.

Carrie's "manager" was a lieutenant named Louis "Dell" Collins. In 1885 she and Dell visited Geneva. They sought out a real estate agent who showed them the Otis Grove property: an overgrown area with a deserted old mansion on the grounds. Locals had come to believe it was haunted, with a secret vault full of treasure somewhere underground. Carrie paid the asking price on the spot and made

plans to clear the old structure and commence construction of a magnificent castle, her dream home. She soon divorced Samuel, married Dell, and moved into the Belhurst Castle, where she stayed for the rest of her life.

But Carrie couldn't be the ghost, could she? She was no Spanish damsel, no opera singer in distress buried alive trying to escape her pursuers.

Unsure of where to go next, I focused on the ruined, deserted mansion originally on the site. Who had lived there? What was their story?

On this land, there had been two great estates, and two women of powerful presence.

Carrie Harmon Collins, the "Lady in White."

Another Singer

The first woman (the one shrouded in so much mystery) was named Isabella Robinson; at least, that was her stage name at the Covent Garden Royal Theater in London in the 1820s. We do not know much about her performances or her fame. In any case, she was beautiful, and she caught the eye of the theater's treasurer, a reclusive man named William Henry Bucke. He was married, but that didn't stop him from pursuing Isabella. One night after a busy performance, Bucke stole the contents of the opera's safe and fled with Isabella and his six-year old son.

They boarded a boat to America in 1830 and eventually made their way to Geneva, where Isabella had relatives. A man named James Simons befriended Isabella aboard the ship. Simons's niece, Emma, had fallen down a stairwell and was gravely injured. Isabella wound up caring for his niece during the trip and after they reached Geneva.

Residents gossiped about the relationship between James and Isabella, just as

Belhurst Castle in 2003, before additions.

they quickly noticed something odd about Bucke. There was the huge mansion he was building up on the cliff. He never took in visitors, and he never socialized in town. He refused to let his son befriend other children. He seemed to be hiding something.

Townspeople began speaking of a hidden treasure, surmising Bucke had to be on the run from someone. Given his outrageous spending habits and his distrust of banks, he likely had his stolen wealth hidden somewhere on his property.

As Isabella and Simons continued their affair, Bucke became more reclusive. Then one day, several well-dressed men from London appeared in Geneva, asking questions. They were directed to Bucke's hermitage on the cliff. They entered the mansion, and they didn't come out for a while. Finally the men left, apparently satisfied. Research done in the 1940s by a town historian concluded only that "some sort of settlement" was reached with Bucke. It was believed he paid back what he could, and begged forgiveness for the rest.

Myth vs. Reality

In any case, the true-life events were far from the drama and excitement of the legend that sprang from them. But still too close not to be a valid basis for the later myth. We have all the elements, if just flipped around a little: instead of a Spanish opera singer and a wealthy don, we have an English opera singer and a bookkeeper. They did flee pursuers (most likely from the jilted spouse); they hid out on a cliff-top overlooking Seneca Lake.

Interior of Belhurst Castle. Note orb.

They were not, however, the romantic fantasy couple originally depicted. In fact, Isabella seems to have fallen for the loyal Mr. Simons whom she met on the boat, and Bucke was anything but the dashing, romantic don; instead, he was a miserable, paranoid, and jealous soul.

Bucke died in 1835, not tragically in a monastery, but in his house from blood poisoning after an injury received while chasing his son about the yard in a fit of rage. Isabella then married James Simons. She died just ten years later, not in a tunnel underground, or even anywhere close to the mansion or the Belhurst grounds. She had moved to Penn Yan to live with her husband. A record in Simon's journal said only, "My poor wife, Isabella died March 15, 1846, aged 44 years."

Amy and I found Isabella's gravesite while trekking through the woods behind a lone farmhouse on Route 14.

Legend would have us believe Isabella is the ghost of Belhurst Castle. But why? Her love was a dozen miles south, in Penn Yan. By all accounts, she and James were happy in their new home after Bucke's passing. Clearly, Isabella was not the Lady in White.

But if not her, then who?

The Lady Behind the Legend

Who had the motivation to stay at Belhurst after her death? Who fell in love with the spot immediately, despite the ruined mansion standing on the property? Who loved the land so much that she told her staff repeatedly that no tree was to be cut down, nothing in the environment harmed? (On a chilling side note, decades later in 1973, the groundskeeper, after a fit of rage, chopped down ten large trees on the main walk. He died of a heart attack the next day. Make of that what you will.)

Who loved the place as much as Carrie Collins, an aspiring opera singer herself who could be heard singing softly in her room or on the grounds at all hours, strolling about in her white dress?

The Lady in White, I believe, is none other than Carrie Collins, still strolling her grand castle, roaming the halls, surveying the grounds, enjoying the view she loved in life. Her mausoleum is just across the road, within sight of the castle on a crisp winter day when the leaves are down and the bare trees sway in the cold lake winds.

Soon after Carrie's death in 1926, people started seeing the apparition of a woman in white. Soon, rumors were flying. Elderly residents recalled something about the scary old mansion formerly on the property, and the reclusive old thief who had lived there with an opera singer. Didn't some men from Europe come looking for them? Didn't we think they had tunnels and vaults full of treasure?

It would have been easy for word of mouth to create a dressed-up version of the original story. Eventually, it took on a life of its own and even made it into a book on local folklore. And yet, I wonder if Carrie Collins ever felt slighted, even jealous, by the way the legend bypassed her and chose Isabella as its star?

If she did, Carrie remained humble about it. Maybe she was just waiting for the right person to come along to set the record straight.

Any misgivings that my conclusions were off track vanished one day a few weeks before I was to publish my book. Months earlier, I had written to a woman whose name I saw written on some old photographs at Geneva's historical society. Margaret Wilson was now 80 years old and living near Syracuse. The photos had been in her possession since childhood, for her father had been Belhurst's caretaker during the last few years of Carrie's life. Margaret, then a young girl, lived in a guest house with her parents.

Margaret called me, explaining why she had those photographs and how she had given them to the current owners of Belhurst. Without any prompting, she told me that the Belhurst Castle was haunted by Carrie Collins. Margaret had seen Carrie herself just weeks after her death, roaming the halls in her white dress. When she lived, Carrie used to sing to Margaret and play with her, and when Margaret saw her again after the funeral, she wasn't afraid. Margaret told her mother, who whispered

that she shouldn't bother Mrs. Collins; instead she should just look away and pretend not to see her.

After the castle changed ownership and Margaret and her family left, Margaret never forgot those sightings, and lived her life with the certainty that Carrie Collins still remained at Belhurst. She even told me that near the end of her days, Carrie had instructed her father to take care of her property, and do it well, because she would be watching…

This was a remarkable confirmation of my theories, and I wound up dedicating the book to Mrs. Wilson. My wife and I have gone on to visit Belhurst many times since, and we've stayed in just about every room now, including that Tower Suite again. But every time since, to my sad regret, I've slept peacefully.

Perhaps Carrie's appearances had her desired effect. I hope I have done her justice in bringing her story to light. ❀

David Sakmyster *lives with his wife and daughter in upstate New York where he is at work on several novels and screenplays, as well as the occasional research article into supernatural experiences. Visit at* www.sakmyster.com.

Egypt Yields Two New Relics

Archaeologists in Egypt have uncovered two new significant sets of ancient artifacts. The first find consists of a set of black granite statues depicting King Amenhotep III, who ruled Egypt 3,400 years ago. The second, a set of mummies recovered from a secret burial chamber found 30 feet underground at the ancient necropolis of Saqqara.

Egypt's chief archaeologist Zahi Hawass has dubbed the previously hidden chamber a "storeroom for mummies," because it houses eight wooden and limestone sarcophagi and over 20 mummies in total.

The find dates back to 640 B.C., Egypt's last independent kingdom before the invasion of foreign conquerors.

Hawass says that much of the site at Saqqara, located just south of Cairo, has yet to be explored and undoubtedly contains more buried treasures. By some estimates, only about one-third of Egypt's monuments have been uncovered to this point, with the rest still tucked away under eons' worth of earth and sand.—Reuters and Associated Press ❀

Apparitions, Orbs, Ultraviolet and Infrared Photography

Orbs in the dusty basement of a Baltimore church.

by Rick Moran

One of the most maligned examples of reported paranormal evidence has been the orb. These round balls of light hovering in ghost hunters' photos have gone from proof of unexplained phenomena to dusty reflections in a relatively short period of time. In the process, some interesting evidence may have been tossed out like the proverbial baby with the bathwater.

The conclusion that orbs are just reflective dust has been greatly overstated. Like UFO sightings, orbs are ninety percent misidentification but ten percent unexplained or paranormal in nature.

Understanding the Problem

Before you can defend the notion that some orbs are evidence in support of ghostly activity, you must understand what the majority of orbs really are and how they got onto the photographic film or digital memory.

When you take a picture and the resulting photo shows glowing red eyes in

your subject, it is not a sign of demonic possession. The flash firing in a low-light situation catches the eye by surprise, with the iris fully dilated, thus allowing the back of the eyeball to reflect back as red due to the blood vessels found there. There is also a logical explanation for most orbs, and it has to do with the camera's lens.

I don't see many orbs in my photos, and the reason is simple: I shoot with a fairly expensive digital camera that has a good lens and a standard UV filter. The filter is there to protect the lens, not to eliminate orbs, but the end result is the same. If you add that filter, you will eliminate 99 percent of the causes of orbs.

Inexpensive cameras usually have plastic lenses, rather than glass, and this can be the biggest drawback. Many cameras also have a built-in flash, which may or may not be automatic. By design, this light source is in a direct line to the lens for reflected illumination from the target object. Dust particles can be highly reflective. When the flash fires, the reflected surface (the dust) returns to the lens as an optical illusion, an out-of-focus object that is brightly illuminated.

Ultraviolet filters act like a pair of UV-treated sunglasses. If you look into a lake trying to see fish with your naked eye, you might see some outline of their movement, but in general you can't see past the sun's rays bouncing off the surface of the water. If you put on a pair of sunglasses with UV-protective coating, you can look past the glare of the sun to see the fish below. If you place a UV filter in front of the camera lens, it eliminates the dust reflection, allowing the image of the subject to be captured free of orbs.

Other Sources of Orbs

Orbs are not only caused by dust. The same anomaly can be produced by other things hanging in the air, and even by the speed of the camera lens at its focal length or f-stop setting.

I tell my team of paranormal investigators to take notes, not just of the time and place they shoot a photo, but of the atmospheric conditions, whether they are inside or out in a field. They routinely carry small, personal "weather stations" that they hang from their work vests. If and when you capture an amorphous orange cloud moving toward you late at night, the resulting photo is bound to undergo outside scrutiny. Skeptics will scream it is atmospheric in nature: fog, swamp gas, and the like. But if you are carrying a portable weather device, you have a minute-by-minute digital record of the temperature, humidity, barometric pressure, dew point, wind direction and speed, plus a host of other readings.

Have an image of a ghost taken at 2:13 a.m. in the middle of nowhere? You can plug the weather station into your computer and respond to skeptics in a completely scientific manner. The readout will tell you if that orange blob could be weather-related, as well as give you proof that it was moving against the wind when photographed.

Two-Shot Rule

If you still have an orb, more investigation is needed. Remembering the biggest problem is stray reflected light, you can now understand the rule of good paranormal investigators: take two shots forward and one shot behind you. Compare the first and second shot. Now look for other reflective objects.

We had a photo of a man with an orb on his chest that almost made its way into our collection of real paranormal anomalies. We used the two-shot rule and found the anomaly was identical in both, though one was not as bright as the other. After enlarging that portion of the image, we found that our orb was actually a small metal lapel pin from a fraternal organization that the subject always wore. At a distance and with a direct light source, it looked just like a classic orb.

If you still have an image that shows an orb, check the lens itself. Is it clean? The smallest smudge can cause out-of-focus reflective light. If the distortion is on all of your photos in the same general area of the frame, it might be dirt that is actually in the camera.

If you still have a questionable photo, pass it around to other investigators for their opinion. Be ready to play devil's advocate and defend the photo. To be really sure, take your photo to the local college and ask the photography professor to give an opinion. This person may not know anything about orbs, but he or she spends more time around cameras than you, so listen carefully.

If all else fails, you can try to enlist the help of more prestigious organizations, like the Rochester Institute of Technology's photo imaging department, or even Kodak. But don't expect a quick response.

Ghost Photography: Then and Now

Now that we've talked about how to eliminate orbs, let's consider how to improve your chances of actually capturing a real apparition's photo.

Ghost photography has been around for a long time. The Brown Lady of Raynham Hall is a classic example. Recreating that photo today would be almost impossible. It was not taken with an Instamatic: it took two photographers, a weighty 8x10 camera, large wet plates, a very long exposure cycle, and darkroom processing using what we now call the "inspection method," where you watch the image come up before your eyes to be sure it is properly processed.

While others may disagree, I think the key to such photos is in the length of the exposure and the slow plate speed. While lugging an 8x10 bellows camera is not conducive to paranormal field investigations, there is a relatively simple method that has produced good results.

Infrared (IR) photography has been around for 100 years, and was used by paranormal investigators in the mid-20th

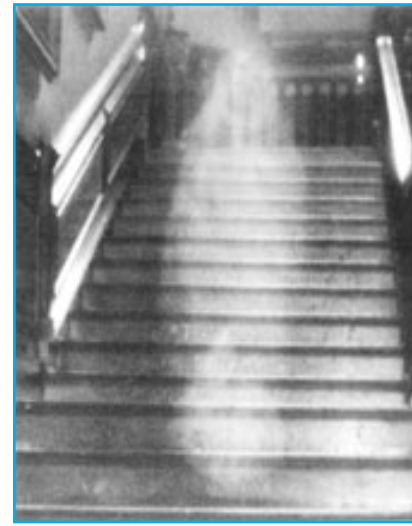
century. The spectrum of light that we can capture on film is very broad. For most applications, we only want a slice of that spectrum, roughly between 350 and 700 nanometers (nm). In digital cameras, this spectrum is further limited to 400 to 700 nm to give the casual camera owner a more robust color image. In that situation, the manufacturer has also blocked most of the infrared (IR) spectrum as well by adding an internal filter plate. This becomes the first obstacle in the search of those elusive apparition images.

While it is possible to take your digital camera apart to remove the filter panel, I would not advise going down that treacherous path. It is possible to send your camera out to be altered, for a price. But unless you can add a filter to the end of your lens, that will not work either. Some of the less expensive digitals are not equipped to take an external filter.

Big-League Photography

If you have a camera that takes a standard-size lens filter, and doesn't have an internal IR-blocking filter, you are ready to go ghost-hunting with the pros. There are any number of groups that limit their field trips to this form of paranormal investigating, and several have inspirational photos to show what can be accomplished with the right equipment. You do not have to take apart your camera to accomplish this feat, although the alternatives are sometimes problematic.

You actually three alternatives: 1) You can buy a camera that will take the external IR filter on the lens and send it out to remove that offending IR blocking shade; 2) You can look for a camera that was produced before someone got the smart idea of adding that pesky filter; or 3) You can buy a new camera that is already suited for this purpose.



The Brown Lady of Raynham Hall.

Purchasing a new camera that can take the necessary lens filter and then having it altered to remove the blocker is possible, but costly. That new camera will cost about $250 and the alterations another $200. Choice three, buying a new camera that is designed to perform both IR and normal photography, is also expensive: about $1,500 for the bare-bones system; $6,000 for a full kit.

Option three involves finding a well-

stocked photo retailer who will order a brand new Fuji S-3 Pro 123, UVR forensics camera for you. If your budget can afford it, this is the camera of choice, the one the real CSI guys use and built to cover the entire IR spectrum.

Otherwise, this leaves choice number two. Start shopping eBay and local pawn shops for an Olympus C-2020-Z. In the digital world, this camera is old, but it is built like a rock and was designed without that annoying IR blocker. With this camera you can shoot IR immediately without making any alterations. Just slap on a good grade R-72 IR red-black filter (you will need an adapter; the Olympus takes a 41mm lens, but the standard size for the filter is 52mm), set the camera to the smallest f-stop, and shoot.

With any camera, a tripod is necessary in low-light situations. The Olympus already has a wireless remote control, which is great. If you want to shoot a normal photo, just take off the IR filter, put on the UV, and shoot. This camera is not big on pixel size, at 2.3 megapixels, good for most prints but not if you intend to print your ghost photos poster size.

The Olympus is the choice of most paranormal photographers, but the camera is no longer being manufactured, so you will have to find a good used one. Because of its recent success in photographing anomalous images and good press, the cost of this camera is in flux. A year ago they were selling for under $100; it is now being offered on eBay for $140 and the price is expected to rise as more folks learn this camera's secrets.

The payoff for the use of infrared is worth the effort, no matter what decision you make; the IR trend is now adding many new ghost images.

Success with Infrared

My first IR photo was taken in the 1980s with a 35mm SLR and Kodak IR film. The place was a small country inn, once a stop on a stage route in New England. The team at that time would go from room to room, taking two photos at each setup while a second team member would keep a log of where, when, and who was in the image. Back in the darkroom, the film was developed by inspection and kept in one long strip. (Never cut film; critics will tear you apart if your film is not in one continuous run.)

To my surprise there was one image on the last roll exposed. In what was then a living room, you could see two team members seated in the background, but in the foreground stood the figure of a man. Hat, boots, and a long coat were evident, although the apparition itself was totally black and devoid of features. He was leaning on a rocking chair, but slightly transparent. Through some rough calculations we determined that he stood about six feet four inches tall.

Similar IR photos are now showing up on the Internet. Even a few of the popular TV shows are now featuring the use

of IR photography. On the battlefield of Gettysburg, one photographer has captured many images of ghostly soldiers, not visible to the naked eye.

While I do not expect that this will be the turning point in our search for proof of the survival of the human spirit after death, it does go a long way toward raising new questions about our world. As we dispel some common mistakes in photography, like misidentified orbs, we are introducing more exciting ways to capture otherworldly images.

The FLIR System

No discussion of ghost-hunting photography would be complete without acknowledging the most sought-after camera of the century, the FLIR thermal imaging system. This system displays heat signatures in real time. These signatures can then be recorded. I do not know a single paranormal investigator who does not want one of these systems, but most are unwilling to pay thousands of dollars to indulge their desire.

The FLIR is a complicated device that has been used by police agencies and fire departments for years to find the heat signatures of victims or perpetrators in nonvisible terrain. Could it be used to capture ghosts? Maybe. It will certainly capture images of anomalies that could be ghostly.

Standing alone, no images I have seen are proof positive of a spirit in your midst. Like a K-2 meter, tri-field meter, IR thermometer, or any camera image, they add to the list of possible proofs, but can't stand alone as the one single piece of evidence to prove a ghostly presence.

The Olympus C-2020-Z camera.

If you are looking for yet another avenue to explore that is relatively inexpensive in the ghost-hunting field, my choice would be the properly equipped IR digital camera. It will not replace your notebook as your most important piece of equipment, but it certainly will yield some interesting evidence. ❀

Rick Moran *is a long-time contributor to* FATE *magazine who wrote the definitive debunking of the Amityville Horror in our pages. He is a retired journalist who has more than 35 years' experience in the paranormal field. He is currently the Coordinator for the Association for the Study of Unexplained Phenomenon (ASUP, Inc.) a 501(c)(3) nonprofit research and educational corporation, now based in Texas. Rick welcomes your questions and comments at* www.asup-inc.org *or on the* FATE *magazine discussion group site.*

The Haunted Bypass

Ghostly Monks Attack Police

Pearoyd Bridge on the Stocksbridge Bypass.

by Jason Day

In 1987 work began on a new section of road across the top of the Peak District in Yorkshire, England. The A616 passed through the town of Stocksbridge until road planners got to work on a new bypass to alleviate the traffic congestion.

While the new road may have relieved the flow of traffic through the steel town, it would appear to have disturbed something that might have been best left alone.

It all began one night when two security guards, patrolling the area where construction equipment was kept, saw something unusual: a group of children playing beneath an electricity pylon. As the guards got out of their vehicle and approached the pylon, they saw that the children were dressed in old-fashioned clothing and had their hands linked with each other in a circle. The youngsters appeared to be playing ring-around-the-rosy. As the guards approached them, the children suddenly vanished.

The men were startled, to say the least. As Peter Owens, the security company's

manager, explained: "They were security men who had been in the industry a long time. They knew the job; they had worked night shifts for a number of years and were not the type of people you would expect to be scared."

The men were to witness an even more disturbing event later in their shift.

Monk on Bridge

In the early hours of the morning, the guards pulled their vehicle into an area of the bypass that would later become known as Pearoyd Bridge. As their Range Rover came to a halt, one of them spotted a hooded figure on a section of the bridge just in front of them. The guard got out of the vehicle to take a closer look while his colleague drove onto the bridge. As the headlights fixed onto the figure, the beams shone right through it. The guards watched aghast as the apparition disappeared into thin air.

The men made a hasty retreat to their cabin on the construction site and called their employer. Owens came to the site immediately and described what he saw when he entered the cabin that night:

"They [the security guards] were physically shaking and their complexion was very white and pallid. One of the guards was actually crying."

The men described what had happened that night, and later in the morning they went straight to the local police station. The officer on duty that day, Police Constable Dick Ellis, knew them. Ellis said: "It was obvious they had seen or heard something. They were both spooked and basically I said to them that it was not a police matter and there was nothing I could do about it. Perhaps jokingly I said to them that maybe they needed the church more than they needed the police."

The security guards took Ellis at his word and headed for Stocksbridge church. There they sought refuge and refused to leave. Thirty minutes later the police were contacted and Ellis was ordered by his superiors to go to the church and get the men out. Ellis was also told to investigate what the men had seen that night and get to the bottom of the matter.

After dealing with the security guards at the church, Ellis and his colleague Special Constable John Beet headed to the bypass themselves to investigate. They arrived at the site in the evening and sat in their car. They turned off the engine, the lights, and the police radio, and waited to see what would occur. Ellis recounted:

"We sat looking at the bridge and after a while I was convinced I could see something moving about on the bridge. Not wanting to spook myself or John I kind of looked at John."

Beet asked Ellis what was up and Ellis told Beet that he thought he had seen something on the bridge, which was still under construction. Beet then told Ellis that he should go and have a closer look. Ellis got out of the police car and headed for the ladder perched in front of it. Ellis continued:

"I actually climbed up the ladder onto the bridge and there were a lot of things scattered around on top of the bridge."

Nothing But Plastic?

Among the material on the bridge Ellis found a sheet of polyethylene waving in the breeze. He called to Beet and told him about his discovery.

Beet said, "Well, once we'd thought that we had found out what it was, and what was actually on the bridge, we decided to give it another ten or fifteen minutes and then forget it and go on with our normal patrol."

Ellis secured the plastic sheet with a rock and returned to the police car. The two officers then sat and waited. It didn't take long for things to take a turn for the worse. Ellis explained:

"I suddenly got this feeling, you can't explain it, there's the saying that somebody's walked over your grave, which turns you cold, and then I became aware that somebody now had appeared directly on my right-hand side and was virtually leaning and pressing himself against the car."

Ellis quickly cast his head to the right and saw the upper section of someone's torso at the car window. Almost instantly the figure disappeared. The figure then appeared at the window on Beet's side of the car before disappearing again a split-second later.

The officers were shaken by their experience but Ellis had the presence of mind to get out and investigate.

"When I got out of my side of the car there was nothing about at all. I even hit the deck and looked under the vehicle because nobody could have run away from us, there were bankings on both sides, and nobody ran backwards or forwards."

Ellis inspected the mud around the car, but the only tracks he could find were those of the car tires and Beet's and his own footprints. Ellis returned to the car and got in. Beet continued the story:

"We went to start the car and at first the car wouldn't start and we began to panic a little."

The car eventually started and the policemen drove away. As Ellis radioed his colleagues at the station a huge bang came from the back of the car. Beet equated it to the sound of somebody hitting the back of the car with a baseball bat.

Beet stopped the car and the two men got out. They stood in front of the car with their backs to the vehicle and Ellis radioed for assistance. As he did so they heard another bang from the back of the car. This time they did not stay around to investigate. The officers jumped back into their car and raced back to the police station.

Ellis concluded: "There are things on this job that frighten me, and it wasn't the kind of fear that you get from violence offered towards you or anything like that. It was more a kind of dread feeling or knowing that something's happening that you have no control over."

Guards Not Over It

The security guards who first reported seeing the apparition never got over what they had witnessed that night at the bypass, as Peter Owens explained: "One of them left after three days and the other one stayed roughly two or three months. Neither of the two guards would set foot on that site again, not even in daylight."

Special Constable John Beet (left) and Police Constable Dick Ellis.

Sightings of apparitions continued during the construction of the bypass. One day Graham Brooke was out jogging with his son Nigel. Graham was training for a marathon along the soon-to-be-completed bypass. As father and son jogged along Graham noticed what he thought was a man walking in the middle of the road. Nigel also noticed the man, but as they got closer to him Nigel could see that the man appeared to have no facial features apart from nose and eye sockets. The pair also noticed a smell that they described as "fusty," "rotting," and "not a human-type smell."

Something else didn't seem quite right about the man, Graham realized: "I could see that he wasn't walking on the road, he was like walking *in* the road. From below the knee you couldn't see anything."

Then, as is the case with many a paranormal episode, as Graham and Nigel recognized that they had seen a ghost, the apparition disappeared.

Another witness to the ghostly figure during the construction of the bypass was a haulage driver. The incident occurred at the very spot where the security guards and the two policemen had their encounter with the phantom monk.

The driver had parked his truck on the site one evening and was taking the ropes off the near side of his trailer when he suddenly felt deathly cold. The driver thought this was an odd occurrence as it was a warm evening. As he continued his work, he began to smell a musty odor. He glanced up and watched the figure of a monk glide through the headlights of his truck and disappear among the other trailers on the site.

Sightings Continue

Sightings of the monk and other paranormal phenomena continued to be reported in the area, and some hoped these would dissipate with the completion of

Pearoyd Bridge and the bypass itself in 1989. However, this was not to be.

A local bus driver called Neville was walking his dog along the bypass when he suddenly became immensely cold. As he walked along a lane to enter a field the back of his neck began to crawl and his hair felt like it was standing on end. A heavy feeling of oppression came over Neville and he saw what he could only describe as a monk in the field, racing around at a great pace:

"One minute he was in the corner of the field, and then the next minute he was off near the entrance to the field."

As the bypass began to experience heavier volumes of traffic, so the sightings of the ghostly monk by passing motorists became more regular.

David Simpson and his wife Judi were traveling home from Judi's parents' house one day and were crossing Pearoyd Bridge when something caught Judi's attention: a gray apparition that looked like a man who was running, but he was not running on the ground. Judi said the man also seemed to have no facial features.

When Judi pointed the figure out to her husband, he also saw it. David observed that the figure seemed to be hovering with its arms flying all over the place. Judi then saw the figure move quickly up the embankment towards their car. The figure hit the side of the car and then disappeared. Judi slammed on the brakes in total shock, but the man was nowhere to be seen. David Simpson said:

"I could think of no other explanation to what we saw; in my mind I think what we saw had to have been a ghost."

Another driver who had an experience on the Stocksbridge bypass also thinks she may have an answer as to who the mysterious apparition might be.

Psychic medium Lucinda June was driving along the bypass when her car became icy cold. With the extreme change in temperature also came a smell that Judi equated to the odor of "musty books." Then a darkness appeared to her left. As she explained: "I felt very frightened. I picked up the spirit of a monk who had been there 500 years previously."

Why does the spirit of a long-dead monk haunt the Stocksbridge bypass?

There are records of two monasteries close to the bypass dating back to the 12th century, and there were also monastery farms in the local area. Local historian Trevor Lodge recounted a story that may shed even more light onto the identity of the monk who is believed to haunt the road and the surrounding area:

"One of these monks became disillusioned with the rather harsh, autocratic way of life of the order. He came here to Underbank Hall, worked the rest of his natural life here as a groundsman or whatever and subsequently when he died he was buried in unhallowed ground."

There is a local belief that the bypass may have been built over the monk's grave and this is what is causing the paranor-

mal phenomena. There is also a theory to explain the ghostly children observed by the security guards. Lodge says: "Children were used in the valley's coal mines in the late 18th century. The rumor suggests that there was a mining catastrophe."

Skeptics believe that the large deposits of iron ore, overhead power lines, and big electrical substations near steel smelters in the area could affect electromagnetic fields. Such a large electrical influx into the temporal lobes can induce an anomalous experience or a "paranormal episode," according to scientific tests.

The sightings continue to this day. Descriptions vary and experiences differ, but nevertheless, the reputation of the Stocksbridge bypass as a haunted location, perhaps like the spirit of the ghostly monk, refuses to be laid to rest. ❀

Jason Day *was born in Scunthorpe, England. He began as a features writer for* Paranormal *magazine in March 2006. Now as co-owner and host of White Noise Paranormal Radio, Jason has had the opportunity to interview some of the most influential people in the paranormal community. His first book,* It's Only a Movie…Isn't It?, *will be out mid-2009.*

Garden of Eden

Locations for the Garden of Eden have been offered many, many times before, but most of the previous theories about its location are based upon biblical interpretation. However, a new genetic survey of the people of Africa may hold the key to discovering where human beings first arose on planet Earth.

The evidence points to an area of southwest Africa, near the country of Angola. Under the Darwinian paradigm, the origin of a species is generally taken to be the place where its individuals show the greatest genetic diversity. When the new African genetic data was combined with DNA data from the rest of the world, it showed that this magic diversity spot lies near the Atlantic coast of southwest Africa near the Kalahari Desert.

The team carrying out this research, led by Sarah Tishkoff of the University of Pennsylvania, also believes it has calculated the exit point from which a small human group, of perhaps 100 to 200 people, left Africa some 50,000 years ago and populated the rest of the world. The region, they believe, is near the midpoint of the Red Sea coast in Egypt.—*The New York Times* ❀

Ghosts on the Hill

Mother of Aynne McAvoy at haunted house.

by Aynne McAvoy

As a professional psychic, I am often asked if there was something in my background that had an effect on who I am today. I tell people that I grew up in a haunted house, and I am sure that had a lot to do with it.

I am often amused with people who go to great lengths to seek out a haunted house, and have an experience. Should these people have grown up the way I did, I doubt they would spend one minute of their adult life in this pursuit. Whatever you may think about years of living in a haunted house, fun is not a word I would use to describe it.

This story begins in 1953, when I was four years old. We were moving from the only home I'd ever known on Meadow Avenue to our new home, not far from the Thompson Park hill in Watertown, New York. My father was often away on business, and since my mother wouldn't learn to drive for several years yet, our close proximity to my grandparents must have played heavily in the decision to buy that particular house.

There were five of us in the family, my

parents, my two sisters, and I. Our new house, which was over 50 years old at that time, had four bedrooms, and would eventually have two bathrooms, one up and one down, which was quite the novelty for that time. It also had two staircases, a front one with a wonderful railing that my sisters and I spent many hours sliding down over our childhood years, and a back staircase, which was very narrow, steep, and dark.

Near the top of the back staircase was the fourth bedroom, which soon became known as "the room at the end of the hall." We found that this room was often cold and felt prohibitive, right from the start. One entered the attic from a door in that room, climbing steep, dusty stairs and never getting to the light bulb with a string attached until the top of the stairs was reached. There was only one other light in the entire attic, also a bulb with a pull string that hung from a high beam in the center.

Nightly Uproar

Soon after our family moved into this house, the paranormal activity began. Every night, those large floor-to-ceiling windows on the north side of the house in the living room and the bedrooms above would rattle and shake, as if a hurricane were going on outside. (Even when it actually was very windy, the windows never rattled and shook like they did in those first days.) It was almost as if huge hands were shaking that entire side of the house.

I remember lying in my bed in one of the affected upstairs bedrooms, listening to the sounds of the windows rattling and shaking. On several occasions we heard a scratching noise on our bedroom windows, like some kind of animal trying to get in. These windows were many feet off the ground on the second floor. It was not possible for any animal to be up that high. Night after night my sisters and I would lie in fear as we tried to ignore the sounds and go to sleep.

Our parents had the property researched to see if the house had been built over some kind of natural disturbance in the ground that could be causing the noises. They looked into every possibility they could think of to explain the weird activity. Part of Watertown is built over a labyrinth of caves, in which several lives have been lost due to explorers venturing in and never coming out. However, there appeared to be no natural cause for the nightly uproar at our house.

My father was often out of town on business, usually for weeks at a time, and on one of those nights when the windows were rattling and shaking ferociously, my mother lost her patience. She had three frightened young children, so she decided to take matters into her own hands. She took her Bible and marched down to the center of the living room, where she commanded whatever evil forces were present in the house to leave immediately.

From that time on, the horrid window shaking ceased. But other strange activity soon took its place.

Terror on the Stairs

The main stairs were a common place for uneasiness. Whenever I walked down the stairs I tried to ignore the feeling that someone was directly behind me, but the sensation of being watched and followed only increased. More times than I can count, I ran the rest of the way down, often taking two steps at once.

There was a very old mirror at the bottom of the stairs that had been in the family a long time, and was said to have come over "on the boat" with one of my relatives from France. I rarely looked into that mirror in the many years that I lived there or in later years when I came to visit. I always felt I would see the image of whatever was always watching and following me reflected in the mirror. One of my sisters confessed that she had identical sensations on the stairs.

The stairs continued to be an issue even years later. One of my sisters was alone in the house one afternoon while visiting my mother. She heard footsteps overhead walking along the upstairs hallway, and she listened as the footsteps then came down the main stairs. She waited for the sound of the heavy front door opening and closing, as she supposed the footsteps belonged to one of the roomers who had rented our now-vacant childhood bedrooms. When she failed to hear the front door, she went to investigate. There was no one there. She later questioned my mother as to who the current roomer was upstairs. My mother replied that both rooms were vacant.

There were often nights when there wasn't a single light that would work on the second floor. We would climb a dark staircase and walk down a pitch-black hallway into our bedroom. The next day or even a few hours later, the lights would all work perfectly and would continue to do so until another "dark" episode occurred. This was usually accompanied by a cold, clammy feeling in the hallway.

When I was very young I would play in the attic. We didn't have the delightful toys that children have now, so I created my own play sink and kitchen from cardboard boxes. I would put my doll dishes out and play with my dolls. The section of the attic I chose for this activity was near the top of those steep, dusty, old stairs and near one of the few windows.

While playing and chattering away with my dolls, I would get a strong feeling that I was being watched. It would make the hair on the back of my neck stand up. I would try to ignore the feeling, but eventually I would begin to hear whispers in the darkened attic or the attic floorboards creaking with footsteps. About that time I would quickly get up and go down the stairs to the floor below, never looking to the left or right and definitely not behind me.

I recall playing up there a few times, and many of my toys and cardboard kitchen were left exactly where they were. They were still there years later when my sisters and I prepared the house for rent.

Apparitions

A year or so after the last experience with the cardboard kitchen in the attic, one of our elderly neighbors told my sister and I that someone had hanged himself or herself in that attic. Although my mother did her best to dispel that story, the fact was that if you looked high in the rafters of the attic, you could see where a rope had been hung and cut short, the remnant hanging for all to see. That rope remained there unchanged in all the years our family lived there.

My father, who was one of the bravest men I ever knew, also had an experience in the attic. I honestly cannot recall him ever being afraid of anything in his life. He stood over six feet tall with strong, broad shoulders and a purposeful stride. However, when it came to the attic in that old house, he met his match.

My mother would always send someone else up to the attic for something she wanted. One day she sent Dad on one of these errands. She stood at the bottom of the stairs while he went up into the dark, dusty regions. He reached the top of the stairs and the first light, but never made it to the second light in the center of the attic, where the cut-off rope hung. Whatever he saw that day, he set a world's record coming back down those stairs. He nearly knocked my mother over. He refused to tell anyone what he saw that day.

My father had another experience that he did share. One afternoon while napping on the couch in the living room, he awoke to find a man dressed in hunting clothes looking at him. Next to the man stood a dog. They looked very real and three-dimensional until both suddenly vanished.

Shaking Bed

One weekend in later years, my oldest sister came to visit our mother. She worked hard all day helping with neglected housework, and then crawled into bed in the upstairs bedroom, exhausted. Mother had ceased to sleep upstairs years before, and that bedroom was primarily used as a guest room by then.

Suddenly my sister awoke to a freezing cold bedroom and a violent shaking in the bed. Frightened out of her wits, she could see no cause for what was shaking the bed, and bolted out of the bedroom and downstairs into the living room. My mother was sound asleep on the couch. My sister sat up in one of the overstuffed rockers for the remainder of the night. When my mother awoke the next morning to find her there, my sister made a lame excuse about having gotten up early and having just sat down to rest.

A few years later a similar event occurred to me. My husband and I had come to visit for the weekend, and we were sleeping in that same upstairs bedroom. Sometime in the middle of the night, I woke up feeling that someone had grabbed the edge of the mattress on my side of the bed and was shaking it as hard as they could. The room was frigid cold.

My heart was beating so hard I thought it was going to jump out of my chest. I could see no one in the room, nor could I think of any reason for what was happening that made any sense.

I shook my husband awake, then swapped sides of the bed with him for the rest of the night. He had slept through the whole event. I never slept in that room again, preferring to sleep on one of the couches in the living room.

Looking back, it amazes me what a lack of communication we had with one another about what was happening. We rarely shared these stories when they occurred. The information seemed to seep out years after the event. I wonder what the real reason my mother refused to sleep upstairs those last years she was there. Even my father had begun to sleep downstairs in the years prior to his death.

Mysterious Residue

In time, my mother became too ill to be alone. She moved in with my older sister, and we attempted to rent the house. We had little success, for no one seemed to stay in the house very long. The house was often vacant and was occasionally checked on by a relative who lived in town.

I heard that some kind of damage had been done upstairs, and it was my turn to make the hour drive from where I lived and see what needed to be done. I would rather have done about anything else but go to that house.

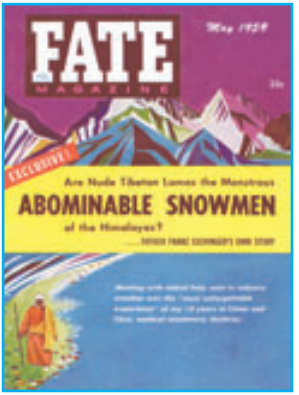
When my husband and I arrived, we found that a tar-like substance had flowed down the upstairs hallway walls from the attic and onto the hardwood floor. I had a difficult time getting my head around just exactly where this stuff had come from and what it was. I tried to concentrate on just cleaning up the mess, getting out of there, and getting back to my own home. My stomach revolted as I cleaned up the black, tarry mess, and every part of my being wanted to run out of the house and not come back.

We eventually sold the house, and I later heard from one of the neighbors who still lived there that no one ever stayed long before it was up for sale again.

Whatever evil was in that house seemed to filter from the attic down the hallway, at times seeping into the bedrooms and down the main stairway. I guess it still does. ❀

***Aynne McAvoy** is a psychic astrologer, freelance writer, and regular columnist for two magazines in central New York state. She has investigated various locations reported to be haunted, on the request of the owners. She can be heard on Heartbeat Radio, Flagler Beach, Florida, every Wednesday at 11:00 a.m. which is also streamed on the Internet at* http://heartbeatofflagler.com.

The Earthbound Soldier



Still in uniform, the wraith appears every year, and when it is questioned it does not answer.

by Bill Wharton

FATE
May 1959
Vol. 12, No. 5

HERMANUS VAN RENSBURG was late for work on the warm evening of December 21, 1947, as he hurried across the desolate sun-parched veldt from his railroad cottage to the small whistle stop, Dalmanutha, in the Eastern Transvaal, on the track between the towns of Belfast and Machadodorp.

The tall, blond-haired station employee skirted the 47-year-old war cemetery on its little rocky hill overlooking the long sloping valley and cut across from the rough-hewn track to the railroad through dried up mimosa trees to save time.

The stolid Afrikaner was about halfway through a little hollow below the cemetery and passing the ruins of an old farmhouse when he saw, quite clearly on the side of the hill, a man walking towards him. The railroad employee hurried on. A train was due to pass through the whistle stop in about 15 minutes and he had to be there to pick up any mail and parcels for the local people.

He was about 100 yards farther on and less than a quarter of a mile from the railroad track when it occurred to him that the stranger he had seen was not a local man. He was tall, over six feet, and there was no one in the district taller than Van Rensburg, who stood only five feet 11 inches in his bare feet.

He stopped and looked back. The man was standing looking down at the ruins. In the late sun's glow there was no mistaking the figure. The man seemed to be dressed in some kind of uniform. Van Rensburg glanced at his watch and decided he still had a few minutes to spare; maybe the

man was looking for someone.

He turned and walked rapidly over the veldt towards the man and as he came nearer he saw that it was a soldier, an officer, but the uniform he wore was not a modern one. It was scarlet and khaki—the kind of uniform British soldiers wore during the Anglo-Boer War of 1899–1902.

Van Rensburg, a man nearly 40 years old, with over 20 years' railroad service and a trusted employee of the South African Railways, was within hailing distance of the stranger when he stopped, puzzled. There was something eerie about the man, something Van Rensburg could not fathom.

"Hey!" he called out. "Hey, there! You looking for someone?"

Van Rensburg, whose home language is Afrikaans, knew that his English was poor but even so the man should have understood. He approached within a dozen feet of the man before saying in a normal voice, "Hullo there, can I help you? You are a *vreemdeling*—stranger, aren't you?"

Then the officer turned and looked at Van Rensburg. The officer, who wore the uniform of the Eighth Hussars, had a sad expression on his face and looked pale in the fading light of the day. He looked steadily at Van Rensburg for a minute or more and then began walking up the low hill towards the mimosa trees encircling the cemetery.

Van Rensburg remained standing there another few minutes then, hearing the distant whistle of the approaching train, ran to the station.

As soon as the train had gone, Van Rensburg picked up the mailbag and three packages and walked down to the small village where he delivered the bag to the postmaster.

"Who is the stranger in the old uniform?" he asked. "I was on the way to the station when I saw this man come over the hill—"

Meneer Pieter Calitz dropped the bag and said, "Was the stranger wearing a scarlet tunic and khaki trousers?"

Van Rensburg nodded. "Ja, he was. He looked like the *Rooibaadjies* who fought against us Afrikaners in the Boer War."

"The man you saw was the Sad Soldier," Calitz said. "He comes in October and sometimes in December. You have only been here six weeks; you will find out all about him. Go and ask old Meneer Schoemann, he knows the whole story."

"Are you telling me I have seen a spirit, a ghost?" Van Rensburg asked. "I don't believe in those things. I have walked through cemeteries at night; I don't believe in rubbish."

Calitz said soberly, "There are 200 people living in this area. Nearly all of them have seen the Sad Soldier. The spiritualists have come down from Johannesburg to speak to the Sad Soldier and a man came up from Durban, a psychic man. The Sad Soldier spoke to no one."

In that year of 1947 when Van Rensburg saw the Sad Soldier only one man still lived who knew what was believed to be the true story of this officer of the British Eighth Hussars, an old farmer named Cornelius Schoemann who fought against the British in the Anglo-Boer War and who was actually engaged in the Battle of Geluk close to the Dalmanutha railroad stop.

Although Mr. Schoemann, now over 80, does not claim that the Sad Soldier is the man involved in one of the most poignant stories to emerge from that bloody guerilla war between Boer and Britisher, all the facts fit into place like the parts of a jigsaw puzzle and leave one with the conclusion that the Sad Soldier was Major Vernon, the man who fell in love with an enemy girl.

"Caroline Potgieter," Mr. Schoemann related, "was about 20 years old in 1900 when the Boers were driven back by the British towards the Portuguese East Africa border. The Boers dug themselves in about 12 miles from here and the British occupied the Geluk-Dalmanutha area. In the Potgieter family was only Mrs. Potgieter, a woman of 40 or so, and her daughter,

SUNDAY TIMES, JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL, OCTOBER 12, 1969.

the Curtains and Stay Indoors on The Night of the Sad Soldier'

THE GHOST OF OCTOBE

Where the 'Sad Soldier' Walks

BOER WAR GHOST HAUNTS STATION

From "Evening News" Reporter

CURTAINS DRAWN

Clippings from South African newspapers describe recent appearance of ghost of Boer War Soldier. Apparition is said to be seen walking from nearby cemetery.

Caroline. They lived on a small farm about a quarter of a mile from Dalmanutha station."

The British forces commandeered whatever accommodation was available and Major Vernon and three other officers were quartered with the Potgieter family.

"I remember Caroline Potgieter quite well. She was a tall, beautiful girl with startling dark, almost black, eyes and dark chestnut brown hair. It could have come as a surprise to no one that Major Vernon fell in love with her. Her father was with the Boer forces and her mother was totally opposed to the British," Schoemann related.

After three weeks, during which the British forces built up reserves and rested, fighting only spasmodically with the entrenched Boers, the order came for the Britishers to attack and on the night when they were due to leave Vernon asked Caroline to marry him when the war was over.

No one knows what took place between the Boer girl and British officer

but the story has it she told Vernon she would marry him if he laid down his arms and no longer fought against her people.

Vernon, Mr. Schoemann related, was unable to do this of course, as it would have meant a field court martial and a probable death sentence for desertion in the front line. But his love for the Boer girl was stronger than the call of duty and when the British forces moved on Vernon was missing.

He was reported as a deserter but during the bitter engagement fought about 30 miles from the farm, where he was hidden in an attic by the girl, no effort was made to find him simply because no soldiers could be spared to hunt for him.

"Caroline's mother bitterly opposed her daughter's love for the Red Coat, as the Boers called the Britishers, but Caroline was determined to marry Vernon and the two planned to leave for the Portuguese border, only about 50 miles away, and to live there where British law could not touch Vernon," Schoemann said.

On the night before they planned to go, at a time when the girl had gotten six fresh horses and a buggy for the journey, the British returned. The Boers were gaining the upper hand and the Red Coats were falling back to await reinforcements. An old native servant of the Potgieters came running to warn Caroline and Vernon that the soldiers were coming and Vernon fled up the hill to hide among the rocks while Caroline got the buggy and horses harnessed.

"The girl was on the point of leaving when the first of the officers arrived," Mr. Scboemann related, "and as Caroline boarded the buggy she saw her mother speaking to one of the officers."

Fearful that her mother might be betraying Vernon, the girl whipped up the horses just as an officer screamed at her to stop. She whipped the horses around the hill and shouted to Vernon to come. He ran down the hill and leaped aboard the buggy, but the soldiers and officers were already in pursuit on their own mounts and after several shots had been fired at the fleeing couple, with bullets striking the buckboard, Vernon pulled the reins and stopped fearful that Caroline would be hit.

A field court martial was held outside the Potgieter's home on the *werf* the next day and Vernon was found guilty of desertion in the face of the enemy and sentenced to death. The papers were sent immediately by dispatch rider to army headquarters 15 miles away and before the day was out the confirmation of the court's finding and sentence were back.

Caroline hurried to army headquarters-in-the-field to plead for Vernon's life but British army law is inflexible and the next morning Vernon's arms were bound behind his back, he was stripped of the insignia of his rank, led up the hill, placed against a mimosa tree and shot. Caroline watched the execution from a distance and after the British soldiers had buried Vernon she placed a wreath on the grave.

That same night a mysterious fire razed

the Potgieter home and when the flames died down the charred remains of a woman were found. Caroline had been about five feet seven inches but her mother was a short woman of about five feet four inches and, according to a medical doctor, the remains were those of a shortish woman.

Of Caroline there was no trace.

"She simply vanished," Mr. Schoemann related, "and she has never, to my knowledge, been seen again. Some say that she walked alone into the mountains, died there and still lies somewhere there under the bushes, others said she went to Cape Town to forget her dead lover. The truth of what happened to her no one knows."

The ruined farmhouse was never rebuilt. Through the years the ruins became mossy and overgrown with weeds and the story of the soldier who died for the love of an enemy girl became one of the Eastern Transvaal's legends—until about ten years after the end of the war.

Some frightened Africans reported to the local magistrate that they had seen a British soldier walk down from the hill and stand looking at the ruins. There were no British soldiers in the area and the magistrate discredited the story at once.

The following year, on the night of October 13, several men reported to the magistrate that they had seen the mysterious red-coated soldier and a watch was kept, but in vain. It required two dauntless Afrikaners named Van Blerk and Coetzee to keep watch the following October 13. Soon after sunset when it was still quite light the two men, keeping watch from a distance of about 50 yards from the ruins of the old Potgieter farmhouse, saw the soldier coming down the hill.

They told the magistrate later that they were close enough to see a black bullet hole in his uniform over his heart and stains around the bullet hole.

Natives in the area now live in superstitious fear of the wandering soldier and each year in October and just before Christmas they lock their homes up more securely than usual. They believe that anyone who sees the Sad Soldier will come to harm.

No spiritualists took an interest in the matter until after World War II when two men and a woman traveled down from Johannesburg, spent an evening near the ruins and then reported that they saw nothing. But the night they spent there was October 22. The following night only one of the men went there. He saw the Sad Soldier and, according to his statement, endeavored unsuccessfully to speak to him.

"This apparition appears usually every year on the evening of October 13, but it has been known to vary its appearance from October 13 to October 24 and also to appear around December 20 to December 22," Mr. Schoemann related. "I have tried to trace back a possible reason for its appearance in October and December but I haven't succeeded.

"There is no proof whatever that the apparition is Vernon who was shot for desertion," the Boer War veteran said, "but from the known and proven facts one must

come to the conclusion that it is he. He was the only British officer shot in this area for desertion, although others were killed in action. I have lived in these parts all my life and know of no other case comparable to that of Caroline Potgieter and this man Vernon. If it is not Vernon, why does the apparition come straight down to the old farmhouse? I don't believe in ghosts myself but I have seen, not once but many times, this man from another world come from the mimosa and old cypress trees, walk down to the ruins of the farmhouse, stand there for a time and walk back up the hill to the small cemetery."

Last year another Johannesburg spiritualist questioned the apparition but received no reply. In answer to her, "Who are you? Who do you seek?" the soldier from another world merely looked at the ruins, then turned away sadly and walked back up the hill. ❀

ABNORMAL SYMPTOMS

SOME two weeks after he lost a pet caterpillar which he had in bed with him, five-year-old Steven Sebleuning of Lyons, Kans., showed the symptoms of a cold. One night he sneezed particularly hard—and out of his nose came a partly developed butterfly.

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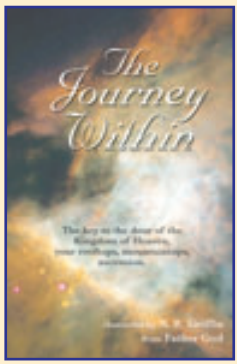

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FATE
June 1959
Vol. 12, No. 6

Did the Cro-Magnons Discover America?

Here is a reconstruction of an amazing voyage that may have brought Cro-Magnons to American shores some 4,000 years ago.

by Lawrence D. Hills

ONE REASON Cortez conquered Mexico with ease was the Aztec legend of strange white gods arriving from the sea. A dozen different tribes had such legends and many archaeologists believe that white men reached America before either Columbus or Leif Ericsson. Here Lawrence Hills marshals evidence to support his theory that they came in giant double canoes from the Canary Islands.

That this could have been done easily is indicated by the direction of the prevailing trade winds. Last December and January, the balloon Small World *covered 1,800 miles by air and 1,200 miles by sea from the Canaries to Barbados in only 24 days. Its four occupants were blown over this route almost entirely by the same trade winds that would have carried the original Canarians centuries earlier.*

THE YEAR is 1958 B.C. In Egypt the Pyramids have stood for over three centuries. In Crete the first good plumbing system in the world is operating. And in China, India, and around the Eastern end of the Mediterranean are men skilled in working bronze, copper, and gold, in writing, trading, and weaving. For the magic of metals, of the wheel and the turning shaft, harnessed first to the trade of the potter, have begun to change men's lives.

Far from these scenes of other civilizations a tall and angry man stands whistling beside the harbor of Las Palmas in the Canary Islands, where Columbus will anchor in A.D. 1488. His name is Itzamna and he stands seven feet eight inches in the laced leather sandals that are to be copied perfectly in the statues made of him after he

became a God in the New World he does not yet know exists. He wears a square-cut, fair beard and a sleeveless tunic of white goat leather (tanned soft by a lost process worth rediscovery) decorated with crimson crosses which are the badges of his rank. His head is larger in proportion to his height than that of a modern man who is tall from unbalanced glands, for he is one of the last of the Cro-Magnon men. In a different uniform he would not look out of place on the bridge of a British warship.

He is angry for reasons which are completely understandable to the commodore of any convoy about to sail. He is whistling because this is to him a second language and the obvious way to give orders to the fleet of 30 large, double-hulled canoes riding at anchor. Trained ears receive his message, carried by the variations of five notes that constitute a whistled shorthand and a two-way radio with a range of five miles.

"Land the woman who cannot make up her mind, and her children and her husband. Her sheep and goats stay for any couple who will swim for them when we sail."

Then the shadow of the sun reaches the appointed place and the Queen raises her sacred staff. Gran Canaria had more queens than Britain and one reigned at the time of the Spanish conquest in 1485.* She calls on He who rules the wind and sea to guide and guard her people who sail in faith that new lands lie beyond the sunset.

For this voyage is an act of faith. Roughly 2,500 years earlier—about 4500 B.C.—their ancestors sailed from southern Spain in the same type of canoe, with their farm seeds and livestock, and reached the Canaries in seven days along an easy wind and current route. These people are known today as the Gaunches. They were the descendants of the Cro-Magnon men who drew the magnificent cave paintings in Spain and in France. They were not pure-blooded Cro-Magnons, of course, for they had mixed with other peoples long before they left Europe. In the isolated Canaries they built a high agricultural civilization, growing such crops as barley and beans and raising sheep, goats, and pigs.

Now, with an over-population problem, the obvious solution for the Elders, the Queen and the Priests, is to repeat the process exactly. With the skilled astronomy that makes a stone circle, it is possible to choose the right date, and this means good weather and a steady Trade Wind. The possibility that God has not set groups of fertile islands at seven-day intervals across the Atlantic is not considered.

Itzamna, however, apparently has his doubts; it might be a 12-day trip and this is why he has insisted on extra water jars. While his Queen speaks, he is thinking of his 30-gallon jars, made by coiling a long sausage of clay round and round, like all New World pottery and that of the Canaries where the potter's wheel was unknown. With their clay covers well-resined and tied down, most of their 400 pounds of weight

*See "The Last Of The Cro-Magnons," FATE Magazine, October, 1958.

is waterborne, but will the leather ropes hold against the stresses and strains of the sea?

The Queen lowers her staff, and Itzamna whistles the signal for the first of the argosy to hoist its stone anchor and make sail. It is the canoe bearing Kinitchahau, "Lord of the Eye of the Day," who is skilled in using a very primitive method of determining the sun's height above the horizon which is going to give latitude within 100 miles of accuracy and keep the fleet steering west with the sun as a compass. His mast, like a letter "A" with one leg in each 70-foot hull, rises with its big square leather sail swelling in the wind. Then Kanil, "The Year Finder," who knows the art of making the "Dog in the Sky" (the Big Dipper) a night clock and compass, leans on his steering paddle as his sail fills, and one after another the mighty vessels begin to move.

To the clapping and cheering crowds they *are* mighty, over three times the size of fishing canoes which hold only 22 men. None of them has ever seen anything larger than these logs of giant Canary Island pine, felled, shaped, and hollowed by fire and stone tools. Egypt and Crete have larger ships, but these versions of the double canoes which took the Maoris from Hawaii to New Zealand some 3,000 years later are better than the rubber dinghy which Dr. Alain Bombard used for his crossing in 1952.

Itzamna waits until his own ship, last of all, comes gliding by. Then he runs and makes his long jump of nearly 30 feet to the top of the fodder stack, which draws a wild burst of clapping from the crowd. To a race which never invented money but valued athletic ability and courage as social yardsticks, a leader must be able to outrun, outjump and outfight any man in his command.

Clear of the harbor, the argosy follows the track taken by almost every modern vessel on a similar cruise, for the wind and the sea are unchanged. The canoes spread out in a wide fan with Itzamna shepherding the stragglers from the rear. He slows the leaders and hastens the laggards, using the rather greater speed of his 80-footer with its larger area of sail like a latter-day destroyer commander with a convoy.

The seventh day passes without sight of land. The eighth, the ninth, and the tenth day pass landless also but with the same good sailing weather. The catamaran hulls, rubbed smooth with sandstone and sharkskin and painted red with the sap of the dragon's blood tree, drive through the water far faster than did the *Santa Maria* with Columbus aboard. Each canoe holds only ten persons, including women and children, for it is built to carry stores and livestock under sail, not to be packed with men like a paddled war canoe.

As the days pass the water supply reaches exhaustion. The voyagers know that, although it is possible to get drinking water from the body fluids of fish (as Dr. Bombard rediscovered), the salt in it is poi-

son to grass eaters. This is why the dog, the pig, and the chicken reached the islands of the Pacific and not the goats of Indonesia or the domestic guinea-pigs of Peru.

Itzamna orders the slaughter of sheep and goats to save the water, and arguments rage over whose and which shall die, considering that the islands may be sighted tomorrow. He has the advantage over a modern captain facing a similar emergency in that his people eat fish raw by choice. They hope to catch enough by using a poison made from the sap of a euphorp ia shrub trailed behind the leading canoes.

While the poison lasts, it brings stupified fish within range of the dip nets. A diet of only raw fish, however, is too salty for safety, which is why, if Itzamna could have kept a diary he might have entered: "Thirty-fourth day. Ground the last of the seed barley. Nothing left for the children now but bottle gourd and fishing line cotton seeds."

A modern yacht would do the run to Barbados in from 26 to 36 days. Dr. Bombard took 52. It is the muddy water and drifting branches from the Orinoco, which stream far out to sea in flood time, that brings Itzamna's fleet in to the estuary by the 37th dawn.

The Orinoco delta in flood is neither attractive nor safe for Canarians who have never seen a snake nor slapped a mosquito in their own fertile, friendly islands. So after a pause for refitting and filling the water jars, Itzamna sails again, following the Trade Winds to a land the Gods must soon provide.

No longer has he a proud argosy, for only nine of the original 30 canoes remain. All the way across as the heaving of the sea wore out the lashings on the cross beams and the leather rigging, he had abandoned the slowest vessels, moving the crews to others now riding high with the loss of stock, fodder and stores. He has the nine best with 279 people in them, ample water and an easier voyage, for the Caribbean has far more fish than the mid-Atlantic.

Andamayana, whose honeymoon began with the voyage, first sights the Yucatan peninsula lying like a long, still cloud against the paling stars. She whistles the good news, and as the cloud grows into a land of forests Itzamna alters course towards the smoke of fires on the beach.

Here the remote ancestors of the Maya Indians have gathered because the turtles have come in to lay their eggs in the sand, as they still do on those beaches today. The Indians have no canoes and what they call the "Nine paths across the sea" were the wide wakes of the impressive double hulls with their swelling sails as they came in with the sunrise. Then the tall white men leap into the shallow water and steady the canoes through the surf. The long voyage is over.

The Indians are certain that the strange people come in peace, for they have women and children with them. Their signs show they are hungry, which the turtle catch can soon remedy. Itzamna, with over 100 warriors, any one of whom would be nicknamed "Lofty" in a British Guards regi-

ment, is an ally worth winning for the local chief. The show the party put on that night impresses the Indians even further. The Canarian dances are made to show off the muscles of strong men and their music of bone flutes, whistling, and clapping of hands is like a very fast square dance rhythm. Andamayana's husband and Kanil's eldest son stage a sham fight, bowling baseball-sized stones at each other with the run-up and overarm throw that can kill at 60 feet. This is not magic like gunpowder, but a demonstration of strength and skill a tribesman can understand.

With no idea of gold (or any other metal) and no knowledge of the return route north of the Azores that Columbus found in ships better able to bend the wind to the captain's will than keel-less dugouts, they are Pilgrim Fathers, not Conquistadors. They cannot return and the road to wealth lies in building a copy of the highly organized agricultural civilization from which they came. Their task is to learn the natives' language, find which fruits are safe, and how to hunt (for they know nothing of hunting, the Canaries had nothing to hunt when the first Cro-Magnon expedition landed on the empty islands) and to use their superior knowledge for all it is worth.

Unfortunately, all Itzamna has to plant are three bottle gourd seeds saved out of someone's ration. Sown in the small forest clearing that supplements hunting for the Maya tribe, these flourish. As light water bottles and drinking cups they will spread, even down the Pacific coast where later generations will carry them. In these gardens is a starveling corn, the same variety found in the Bat Cave in New Mexico with its radio-carbon dating of 7000 B.C.

Itzamna does not know that the genetics of sheep and corn are the same, but with generations of sheep breeders behind him he knows what happens when a stock is inbred too long. He makes long journeys searching for another corn plant to cross-pollenize for hybrid vigor.

At last Itzamna found the Teosinote *(Euchaena mexicana)*, a wild grass near the corn, and his sheep breeder's wisdom paid off. The result was a real corn cob on tall stems, not so good as the later crossing achieved by Kukulcan about the time of Plato, or by Quetzalcoatl when the Romans were building Hadrian's Wall across Britain. It was a real mass-production food crop. It offered men 256 days of leisure a year after raising enough to feed a family, and surplus that rulers later could use to build great stone cities and temples. Itzamna became the Corn God of the Mayas, but first he was their Luther Burbank.

Hunters can manage by counting the "moons," but to grow corn you need accuracy to fit your crops into the changing seasons. Kinitchauhau and Kanil built sighting stones for the rising of the Pleiades at dawn, for there is too little play on the track of the Sun God's Chariot near the Equator to use the easy methods that worked for Stonehenge. Their first attempt is far inferior to the perfect Maya calendar in use

1,000 years before the *Mayflower* sailed, but Kanil is remembered in the fourth day of the 20-day Maya week, as are Woden and Thor every Wednesday and Thursday of our own week.

Through the years the argosies sailed from the Canaries, some with good luck and some with bad. Quick passages brought Chiminigagua to Colombia with a large party to found the Chibca civilization and later the Bohica. Nemterequetra, who came only four "life times" before, was the last survivor of his crew. The arrivals ranged from city-founding parties to lonely Colonel Fawcetts, like Zume of Paraguay and Carancho of Venezuela, and they sailed in from beyond the sunrise roughly between 2000 B.C. and the date of the Battle of Crecy.

Archaeologists find it safest to ignore their mystery. All had strong objections to human sacrifice, polygamy, and fermented drink. All knew trepanning (the Canary Islanders' fighting with stone balls had forced them to learn how to deal with skull fractures early), the principle of hybrid vigor in sheep and corn, how to make fire with a bow drill, and how to make good stone tools, which are found mixed with botched attempts like the equally inexplicable stone balls, too large for bolas weights.

The Canary Islanders alone fit the knowledge pattern and the dating by radiocarbon of New World civilizations. Although the Canaries lie at the end of the easiest wind route and the culture heroes' landings in the New World dot the map at the other end, they have become part of the popular Lost Atlantis legend.

For the evidence of modern archaeology is that Plato, who was born in 427 B.C., confused Atlantis with a Bronze Age civilization near the mouth of the Elbe that did sink—but in 3000, not 10000 B.C.—and spread its story into Europe to tell travelers' tales gleaned from the Canaries where Greeks, Phoenicians and Romans all had landed and seen the white-robed people with their houses of mortarless stone rubbed to fit like the pre-Inca masonry of Peru. It was the Garden of the Daughters of the Sunset, the Islands of the Hesperides and the Land of Giants, where mighty Atlas held up the vault of heaven with muscles that could have wrestled with a steering paddle in the Argosy of the Atlantic. ❀

Nearer Than Neighbors

FOR FOUR years Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Nelson and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Adams lived a block apart in Muskegon, Mich., without getting closer acquainted than to exchange smiles and nods when they passed on the street. Then Mrs. Adams dropped in on the Nelsons for a chat—and discovered that Albert Nelson was the brother from whom she had been separated for 31 years.

Book Reviews

Jerome Clark

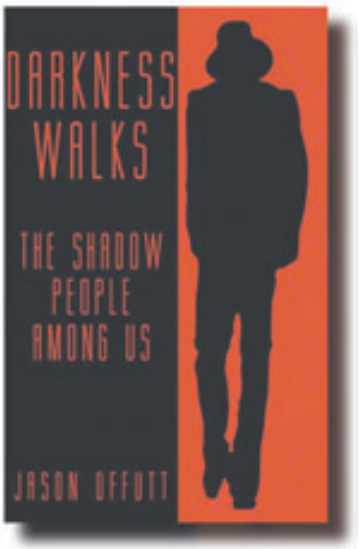
Because I don't listen to paranormal-themed talk-radio shows, I confess that the concept of "Shadow People," red-hot (so I'm told) in those regions of the ether, had not engaged my attention beyond a vague sense that somewhere I'd come upon the phrase. As I read Jason Offutt's *Darkness Walks: The Shadow People Among Us* (San Antonio and New York: Anomalist Books, 2009, 202 pages, $14.95, paperback), I realized that I had indeed encountered accounts of such things, mostly long ago in John Keel's books. Keel gave them no particular name. To him they were just one variety among many of menacing, demonic weirdness.

Shadow People are…well, Offutt's book never seems to get a solid grip on what the phrase means exactly. His book is mostly people's stories, many harvested from a website he devotes to the subject (*shadowpeoplebook.blogspot.com*), others from interviews with ordinary folks, psychics, mediums, academics (all predictably skeptical), and occult investigators. Mostly, Shadow People are dark, usually human-contoured forms devoid of features except, sometimes, glowing red eyes or, once in a while, green ones. Sometimes they're friendly, sometimes they're hostile, but on a typical day or night they're just passing through.

One of Offutt's informants describes her SP as "a very thin 2-D thing, almost like a peel-off sticker." On the other hand, on occasion other features are visible. Another alleged witness avers that one entity "flipped me off with a very long middle finger." Somebody named Danny "saw one when I was young. He told me that they can bend the color spectrum so that we can't see them. They have six webbed fingers and a sleek nearly snake-like skin texture." Expressing displeasure that it had been observed, this reptoid alien rudely vowed retribution, only it would "have to wait in Hell for 42 years before it could come back and kill me… That was 42 years ago." Offutt does not tell us whether or not Danny is still among the living. Let us hope so.

Perhaps the best part of the book is its cool main title. Otherwise, it's 200 pages of people's stories unleavened by anything beyond the most skimpy analysis. Unless your taste for undigested weird anecdotes is greater than mine, your patience may be tried to the breaking point. In fairness to the author, grizzled veterans who can happily boast of (or ruefully admit to) a lifetime's worth of immersion in paranormal and anomaly literature may not be the intended audience. Your response will likely also be conditioned by your view of such phenomena generally. If you grant that such things can happen (however you

Books reviewed in this column **are not sold by FATE.** To purchase these books, please try your local bookstore, contact the publisher, or try an online bookstore such as *amazon.com* or *barnesandnoble.com*.



define "happen"), you may or may not be distracted by the thinness of documentation or the availability of plausible counter-interpretations which do not require the defiance of consensus visions of the possible.

As for myself, I accept that people do experience strange phenomena which cannot be collapsed into current knowledge. And why shouldn't I? I'm one of them, and if I can credit my own senses, I surely am obliged to credit others'. The problem is that "experience" and "event" are not necessarily synonymous, and many, surely most, experience anomalies (as I call them) evince significant subjective content, and that seems demonstrably true even if a genuine unknown stimulus generates the perception. One of Offutt's more thoughtful observers, paranormal researcher Ryan Straub, gets to something of this consideration when he remarks, "We have no real evidence stating what [SP] are. People see them, people are affected by them. There's no true evidence of them… What if these things are solely created because they are thought to exist?"

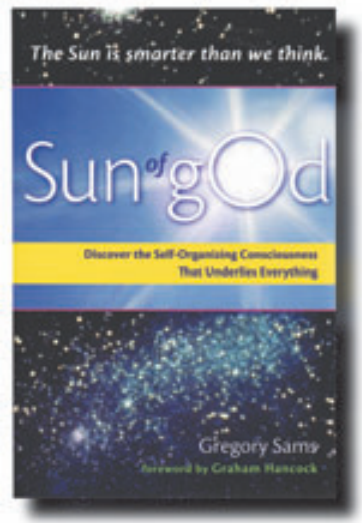
Though I am willing to entertain at least the possibility that Offutt has documented some kind of apparitional anomaly, some of his cases will strike more critical-minded readers as the product of overactive imaginations, dreams, and pure invention. I couldn't help noticing how many occur in bedrooms at night, with the "witnesses" lying on their backs while sensing menacing presences which exert crushing pressure on their persons. This is a classic variety of sleep paralysis, in fact the "nightmare" in its original definition. It is the subject of a major work in the anomalistics literature, *The Terror That Comes in the Night* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1983), by Penn State folklorist/medical scientist David J. Hufford. Borrowing a traditional term from Newfoundland supernatural lore, Hufford calls it the "Old Hag." Offutt mentions the phrase in passing (apparently somebody mentioned it to him) but apparently he has never read or even heard of Hufford's book.

Besides this error of omission, Offutt has one of commission: citation of Carlos Castaneda's "Don Juan" occult novels as if they were true tales of encounters with otherworldly forces, as first advertised until devastatingly exposed otherwise by Richard de Mille and other critics. Ruminations about Castaneda's alleged contribution to SP studies take up no more than a page, but it's a wasted one.

On finishing the book, I found myself less than entirely persuaded that Offutt has put forth anything but an assortment of vaguely similar oddities of perception, experience, and belief, generated by a range of causes conventional and arguably not-so-conventional. But if the subject intrigues you more than it does me, you'll want to read the book and judge for yourself.

Other Books Noted

John Zupansic


The Sun is smarter than we think.
Sun of God
Discover the Self-Organizing Consciousness That Underlies Everything
Gregory Sams
Foreword by Graham Hancock

Sun of God

by Gregory Sams

Weiser Books (Newburyport, MA), 2009, softcover, 234 pgs.

"Could it really be that the universe waited 13.7 billion years—until we came along—to manifest the phenomenon of consciousness and made ours the only type of vessel able to experience it?"

Throughout human history, cultures from all corners of the globe have worshipped the sun as a deity. And while our modern society tends to regard such beliefs as quaint relics of the past, Gregory Sams argues that perhaps ancient sun-worshippers knew a whole lot more about our nearby star than we give them credit for. In *Sun of God*, Sams contends that the sun is a "living being, aware of itself and its place in the Universe," and that "its power of consciousness is so far beyond what we enjoy that it should be accorded deity status." In essence, the ancients had it right, and the sun indeed ought to be viewed as a living god.

On its surface the idea might appear silly, but the evidence Sams lays out is assuredly quite thought-provoking and worth a look. Citing quantum physicists who have shown that at subatomic levels

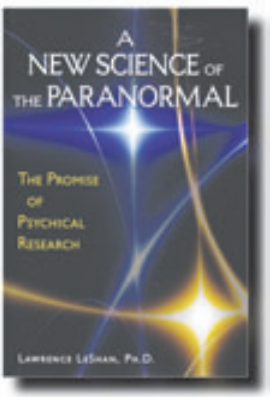
there appears to be intention and choice taking place within the fundamental particles that make up matter, Sams suggests that creative intelligence may be a bottom-up system in which "everything, from a molecule of water to a neuron in our brain to the Sun itself, is a part of the bottom that is subtly steering a greater whole." Captivating and skillfully presented.

A New Science of the Paranormal

by Lawrence LeShan, Ph.D.

Quest Books (Wheaton, IL), 2009, softcover, 134 pgs.

Dr. Lawrence LeShan makes a passionate case for the promise of psychical research in this philosophical and scholarly work. Psychologist, parapsychologist, and author of more than a dozen books ranging in subject matter from cancer to meditation, LeShan argues that it is crucial for the future of humanity that science pursue a better and more thorough understanding of psychic phenomena. He attempts to explain how and why science as it is currently practiced has failed in its investigations into the paranormal. Then he submits his ideas on how research into psychic phenomena can be more efficiently and effectively undertaken. In his conclusion, he writes, "As the study of psi becomes a mature science and its existence becomes a part of our cultural world-picture, becomes 'common sense,' what can we legitimately expect to happen? What I dare hope for is a time when psi becomes as widely accepted as was the unconscious after Freud… That an everyday acceptance of large-scale psi events will lead to personal and cultural changes that will help us overcome the great problems that now threaten to destroy us."



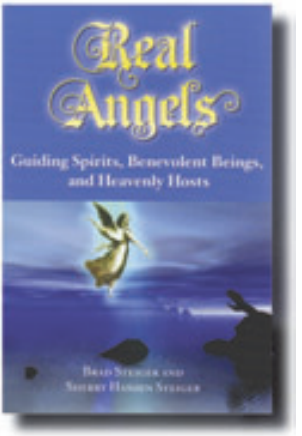
Real Angels

by Brad and Sherry Steiger

Benjamin Street Press (Detroit, MI), 2009, softcover, 246 pgs.

Prolific and respected author Brad Steiger presents a fascinating collection of stories of encounters with angelic beings he and wife Sherry Hansen Steiger have accumulated throughout their decades of research into the strange and unknown in this brand new volume.

A recent survey showed that more than half of all Americans believe they have been helped by angels at some point in their lives. Even one in five self-described atheists say they have experienced the apparent presence of angels. As Steiger



shows in *Real Angels,* accounts of these benevolent beings cross nearly all religious, cultural, and geographic boundaries, making the evidence he introduces here incredibly hard to dismiss as mere religion-fueled delusion or fantasy.

The New Circlemakers
Insights into the Crop Circle Mystery

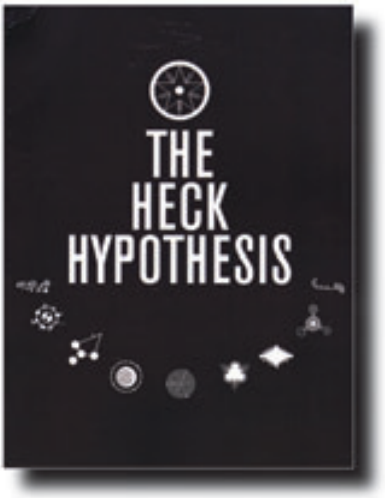
by Andrew Collins

4th Dimension Press (Virginia Beach, VA), 2009, softcover, 262 pgs.

Foremost crop circle researcher Andrew Collins presents an updated version of his classic 1992 book *The Circlemakers* in *The New Circlemakers: Insights into the Crop Circle Mystery.*

Collins, much to his credit, has kept an open mind regarding the true nature of crop circles throughout his years of writing and investigating the phenomena. His position has evolved as new data has been collected, witnesses interviewed, and circles scrutinized. Indeed, in his introduction Collins now admits that, "there is compelling evidence to show that the greater majority of crop formations found in the fields of southern Britain today are of human manufacture. In fact, many would argue that the more complex the formation, the more likely it is to have been made by human hands."

No wide-eyed believer is Collins. Still, there is much strangeness yet to be explained and accounted for regarding the crop circle mystery. Perhaps, says Collins, its true nature will never be completely solved. "In my mind the subject of crop circles is just such a conundrum, for no one can rightly be said to possess the whole answer, and perhaps this is the way we are meant to perceive them. If so, then it really doesn't matter who, or what, made them—they are here to serve the same purpose, whatever that is."



The Heck Hypothesis

by Kenneth M. Heck

Xlibris (Philadelphia, PA), 2009, softcover, 218 pgs.

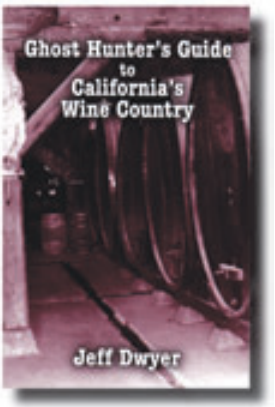
If Andrew Collins's book is a measured, thoughtful, and somewhat cautious piece of crop circle fare, *The Heck Hypothesis* is at the opposite end of the spectrum. Wild, speculative, and yes, maybe even a tad bizarre, Heck's book attempts to interpret some 1,200 crop circle patterns recorded up until the year 2002. Heck's interpretations of these symbols lead him to conclude that the phenomenon is trying to warn us of impending disasters about to befall Earth, planetary-scale disasters brought about by a race of alien beings with ill intent toward mankind. There are good books. And there are bad books. And then there are some that are so bad, they're almost good.

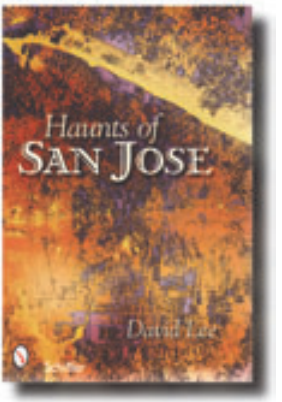
50 Ways to Fix Your Life

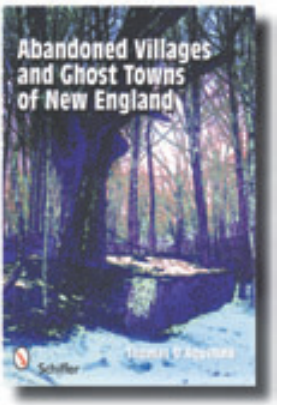
by Petrene Soames

Strategic Book Publishing (New York, NY), 2008, hardcover, 140 pgs.

Psychic, healer, and motivational speaker Petrene Soames offers a workbook for self-healing and spiritual growth in *50 Ways to Fix Your Life*. Containing short, easy-to-follow exercises, this is truly a hands-on experience that asks of the reader equal parts doing and thinking. Among the topics covered are hands-on healing, third-eye development, breaking up negative energies, and working through grief.







Ghost Hunter's Guide to California Wine Country

by Jeff Dwyer

Pelican (Gretna, LA), 2008, softcover, 238 pgs.

Haunts of San Jose

By David Lee

Schiffer (Atglen, PA), 2008, softcover, 176 pgs.

Northern California boasts terrific weather, beautiful scenery, a distinctive mix of rural, urban, progressive, and traditional, and, you guessed it, thousands of ghost stories. Jeff Dwyer's *Ghost Hunter's Guide to California Wine Country* takes you on a journey through the rolling hills, valleys, and vineyards of California's Napa Valley and Sonoma regions. Meet the spirit of author Jack London at his former homestead of Beauty Ranch, take in a ghostly performance at the Napa Valley Opera House or Uptown Theater, and keep your eyes open for the phantom hitchhiker of Arnold Road.

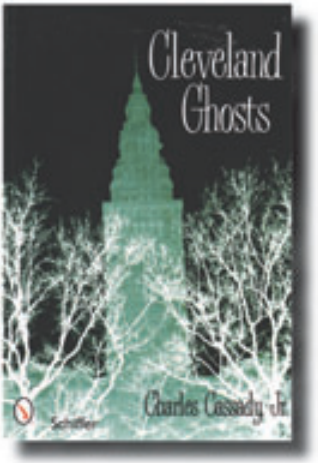
In the mood for something a bit more contemporary and metropolitan? Try David Lee's *Haunts of San Jose.* The Silicon Valley area is home to many tales of spectral encounters, and Lee presents a plethora , including haunted hospitals, bars, hotels, and schools. Of particular note is a chapter entitled "Unfriendly Ghosts of San Jose" which is sure to raise the needle on your EMF detector.

Abandoned Villages and Ghosts Towns of New England

by Thomas D'Agostino

Schiffer (Atglen, PA), 2008, softcover, 192 pgs.

Author Thomas D'Agostino is one of today's foremost experts on haunted places in the New England region, having assembled an impressive collection of books and published articles on the area. Here he invites us to explore ghost towns



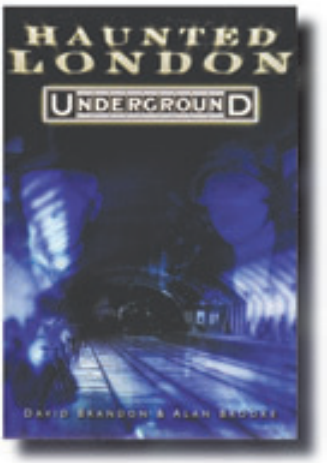
and forgotten settlements from New England's past, places rich with history, mystery, and paranormal activity that lurks beneath the undergrowth. Nearly three dozen stories from Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont are included.

Cleveland Ghosts

by Charles Cassady, Jr.

Schiffer (Atglen, PA), 2008, softcover, 224 pgs.

Take a tour of the haunted city of Cleveland, Ohio, with Charles Cassady, Jr. Learn about the curse of Franklin Castle, encounter ghosts and other strange phenomena along the city's Lake Erie waterfront, gasp at the horror of Mason Court, and be frightened out of your wits at the sight of bizarre entities known as the "Mellonheads." Dozens of stories to satisfy your late-night cravings for a good scare.



Haunted London Underground

by David Brandon and Alan Brooke

The History Press (Stroud, UK), 2009, softcover, 96 pgs.

London's underground railway system is one of the oldest of its kind in the world and it is rife with stories of paranormal phenomena. Witness the actress ghost of Aldywch Station and the Black Nun of Bank Station. Freeze with fright at the sound of a murdered child's cry at Farringdon Station and the echoing moans of the 173 killed at Bethnal Green Station during World War II air raids. And explore closed stations, abandoned lines, and other dark and forgotten places beneath the United Kingdom's capital city. ❀

Report from the Readers

Duende Clan

Kudos to you and Chad Lewis for a fantastic article: "Hunting for the Tata Duende" (March-April 2009). Believe it or not, members of the Duende clan of preternatural entities exist beyond the boundaries of Belize.

In Mexico, member of the Santa Muerte cult invoke an entity called Don Diego Duende to help them conquer their foes. Along with vanquishing their enemies, Don Diego Duende finds attractive mates for his devotees.

As for La Llorona, also known as the Weeping Woman, she's been a part of Mexican folklore for centuries. Anyone who wants to learn about her should read Rudolfo Anaya's book *The Legend of La Llorona* (1984).

Again, many thanks for a great read!—*M. V. Devine, Ph.D., Racine, Wisc.*

Canine Victims

My thanks to Jeffrey Goddin and "Mystery Predators" (January-February 2009) for reminding us that Transient Anomalies, so-called monsters and UFOs, all too often leave murder and mayhem in their wake.

Although livestock figured heavily in his gruesome accounts, it must be pointed out that one animal in particular has suffered more death and disappearance at the hands (claws and fangs) of cosmic killers.

That hapless target is Man's Best Friend.

The only aspect more disturbing than the numbers is the ferocity and cruelty of many attacks. Victims are ripped apart. Who or what is capable of this? And why?

Unlike meandering nocturnal lights and orbs in photographs, the carcasses of animal victims offer genuine forensic evidence. Are there clues at these "crime scenes" that investigators are missing? Why are unexplained canine deaths and disappearances one primary factor that never seems to change in the ever-evolving characteristics of Transient Anomalies?

"UFOs: The Shamanic Dimension" by John Michael Greer (March-April 2009) blames sightings and contacts on "highway hypnosis" and altered forms of consciousness. "Astral vision" is experienced when unsuspecting folks become mesmerized by the night sky and see things.

Greer writes that "100-foot-long material objects made of metal and glass do not vanish into thin air." But they do!

Unlike hallucinations, Transient Anomalies (so-called UFOs and monsters) impact our environment when they visit. They might cause death and injury. They tantalize us with scorch marks and hair samples. Footprints across soft mud end in mid-stride. Like phantasms, these things evaporate in the presence of startled witnesses at close range in broad daylight. Study the "Skinwalker Ranch" in Utah.

Abductees occupy the bottom rung of the UFO evidentiary ladder. I do concede that inner psychodrama mirrors personal and cultural concerns. However, to cite Orfeo Angelucci and his contactee ilk as proof of anything more than whimsy and showmanship is distressing.

Unexplained today does not mean unexplainable tomorrow. Only 400 years ago, obscure inventors using two pieces of glass disintegrated 2,000 years of learning and truth. The telescope became an agent for scientific, philosophical, and religious change. It transformed our view of the universe and Earth's place in it.

Yours in research—*Robert A. Goerman, New Kensington, Pa. (http://www.myspace.com/goerman)*

Godwin's Dreams

I was shocked to read David Godwin's impression of dreams (March-April 2009): "chaotic, incomprehensible, and entirely meaningless"? Very closed-minded thinking from the Amazing Godwin!

There is a difference between everyday dreams where the brain is sorting through feelings and problems and what I call message dreams. It is not uncommon in a message dream to place yourself in another person's shoes. The symbols in which we dream can be confusing to us, but may make perfect sense to the person the message was intended for.

Abraham Lincoln, for example, appears occasionally in my dreams. Unlike Lincoln, my late husband Terry was very handsome, but he was tall like Lincoln (six feet, five inches) and, coincidentally, died on Lincoln's birthday. Terry appeared in a dream shortly after his death, which was too painful for me. When he appeared a second time, he disguised himself as Lincoln. I knew who it was!

Terry loved to cook, and he'd have fun passing around hors d'oeuvres at a party. Perhaps you met Terry?

Regardless, a good source for interpreting dream symbols is Mary Summer Rain's *Dream Symbol Dictionary*. Mary's book is the best I have seen so far. Most cultures revere dreams, except Americans; that's too bad. Dreams can give us glimpses into the future, help give us direction, and warn us of health or other problems and how to solve them. Look at Edgar Cayce, then rethink your negative words on dreams.—*Kate McKenna Lawler, via email*

March-April Issue

I agree with Jerome Clark's review of the new George Adamski book (March-April 2009). I read Adamski's *Inside the Space Ships* when I was in junior high. What actually disturbed me was that an adult wrote it and other adults read and believed it.

The Andersonville article was really something, as was the very insightful one about the shamanic dimension of UFOs. The article about Admiral Byrd was very interesting, as was the letter from Richard Senate.

Your readers should read *Electric UFOs* by Albert Budden, which explains a lot about UFOs and ghosts even.—*Rick Suttner, Greensburg, Pa.*

JZ Knight; Psychics

I'd like to respond to the January-February 2009 issue, with JZ Knight on the cover. I think that is one of your greatest issues. I have wondered what had happened to JZ and it's good to know that she is still looking good, healthy and energetic, no doubt partly at least to her visualizations and affirmations.

I am slowly working on JZ's affirmations in the "Exercise for FATE Readers." Some days I do the affirmations without problems. Other days time constraints and multiple distractions of life attempt to interfere with my goals. I think that what psychologists call the ego gets in our way and tries to maintain the status quo of our settling for less than we can be. I shall struggle on to defeat it, but it may take me longer than a month.

I think we need to be gentler with ourselves. We are only human. To paraphrase psychic Sylvia Brown very loosely: "We're on this planet earth which is the real Hell and a poor camping trip. If we get out of bed in the morning and try to do what we should, we are to be congratulated." As long as we are in the fleshly body and are not spirit, it's going to be hard to accomplish things.

The excellent articles "What to Look for in a Psychic Reading" by Jackie Tomlin and "Evaluating a Psychic's Powers" by Kenneth Nichols have inspired me to give my opinions and relate some of my experiences with psychics. I have always had a number of challenges to overcome in my life and have used self-help books, counselors, and psychics.

The psychics I am the most skeptical of, cost the most and were the most in left field as far as truth and authencity go are the 1-800 phone psychics. I only used a few of them because I was curious. None of their predictions came true. Don't waste your money with most of these people. I'm sure some of them are reputable but I've had no good experiences with them.

The other psychics are the ones who live in a murky world of being counselors who claim to use hypnosis or read past lives, or they work with counselors/psychologists to validate the mental health worker's impressions or tests about a patient. The ones

I have dealt with seem to try to straddle both worlds and I did see these people in the flesh in their office. Once, I wanted to tape what one was telling me about how my past lives impacted my present one and I perceived a dislike and distrust of me doing this.

The other one I dealt with was a psychologist who claimed to have worked with the famous psychiatrist Dr. Brian Weiss, but never used hypnosis or worked with past lives at all in our case even though we requested it. He went out of his way to go the traditional route and seemed to deny that past lives helped people cope with today's problems.

I perceive a hesitation to delve further into the subject without more payment.

Good psychics I have used are some advertised in FATE magazine, but even with them I am not completely satisfied. Some comments I have received if I want more information about a subject I have asked about are, "This is all I received." I perceive a hesitation to delve further into the subject without more payment.

I perceive that psychics only answer the question asked. Is this because they don't get any more information, they want me to ask another question so they will receive more payment or both?

There are some excellent psychics who work for the Virginia Beach Heritage House Edgar Cayce group in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Although most psychics shy away from giving medical readings, I did find an excellent one who did this with the Virginia Beach group.

I agree with the risk of what Kenneth Nichols calls "the hot reading," where you have used a psychic for years; they know a lot about you already and it's not hard to come up with an answer that seems plausible or has a good chance of being correct. I wonder if it's a good idea to stay with the same medium or psychic for that very reason.

It's been noted that psychics often have trouble with timelines. I have seen this myself. One of the most asked questions of psychics is, "When will I meet my soul-mate?" When this didn't come to pass for me, I was told: "You did not do the things, move to the place, etc., that I told you you needed to do."

I have never had a psychic give me the impression I could terminate a reading if I saw it was going nowhere and never felt that a psychic desired to report on their strengths and weaknesses and their success rate.

The absolute worst experience I ever had with a psychic still gives me a chill to know that this person still practices. I saw errors in my astrology chart and told the psychic so. I was told, "If you knew what your chart said, why are you asking me?" I asked for my money back because I was

not satisfied with the reading. Then I received downright hostility and veiled threats, although not very veiled.

The reason I am not giving my real name to this letter is because this person advertises that they do spells. I know Sylvia Browne says that she thinks spells do not work, but I have had enough problems in my life without tempting fate.

I hope this letter does not give the impression that I am bitter and cynical about all psychics; not so. I have received much good information, many correct answers, and compliments that I badly needed, compassion that really boosted my self-esteem. It's just like everything else you seem to remember the bad experiences more than the good.

...you just greet yourself in the mirror every morning. This way you are connected with your inner self...

I am not so into psychics and consulting them as I once was. I think my experiences with them, study, reading FATE, and getting older have helped me develop my own intuition and I seem to be correct myself a lot of the time. We should all, in the dangerous times, the risky times, poor economical times, work to develop our own abilities, because if we ever needed a sixth sense, it is now.—*Jean, Tenn.*

Doubles

I read the article "A Psychiatrist Looks at Psychic Doubles" by Curtis Fuller (January-February 2009) with great interest, for I myself have experienced my double. I have not seen her, but I hear her voice. It gives me predictions which are quite accurate. For instance, on one occasion, I expected some news in a few days but my own voice said, "No, you have to wait a few weeks." It was correct.

This phenomenon started when I accepted the Shinto ritual of self-worship. It is simple: you just greet yourself in the mirror every morning. This way you are connected with your inner self that at the depth is God the creator. I am Christian but I accepted this Shinto concept. It coincides with Christian saying: I am that I am.

My double seems to help me. It gives me more self-confidence. I can do wise shopping and above all I get accurate prediction.—*Michiko Nonoyama, Japan*

Buyer Beware

With respect to the article "Ghosts for Sale" by Janet Brennan (January-February 2009): Since the vast majority of people want to flee once they discover their house is haunted, that's reason enough to protect prospective buyers by requiring a full disclosure of what the sellers know, and all sellers know if their house is haunted by someone or something.

We have to reveal health problems to get insurance or it voids the policy; and government mandates a lemon law to protect used car buyers. So why should one victim be allowed to dump their misfortune onto another unsuspecting dupe?

Of course, some buyers might be delighted to live with an amiable spirit that tucks in the children and does the dishes; if so, terrific! House sold. But most places seem stigmatized by forces more sinister. And if a house is "bad," it simply has to go. This can best be determined by a committee of psychics, supported by insurance and government, who make a final effort to turn the house around. Failing this, an offer of recompense can be made to the frantic owners. Another bad house bites the dust.

Let cynics bellow about buyer rights, seller rights, and undue government intervention. Or they can buy the house to prove their theory that "There's no such thing as ghosts!"—*Jim Mileski, North Quincy, Mass.*

Ghosts in Windows

After reading "Ghosts for Sale" in the January-February 2009 issue, I went back and looked at the picture of the house again. The author mentioned that a realtor had taken pictures of the home and its barn and had seen faces in the windows of the barn. I looked more closely at the windows in the house and, surprised, I saw at least two, maybe three, faces in the window to the left of the door. They seemed to shift as I looked at them, which makes me believe there are more than one face.

Has anyone else seen these faces? I thought I would see letters to that effect in the new issue of FATE, but did not.—*Bonnie Tarmann, via email*

Hippie vs. Hollywood

I normally don't write anything negative about your articles, but I couldn't resist this issue (January-February 2009).

You had two articles on JZ Knight that I found interesting. She talks about her abilities and being younger due to channeling a being called Ramtha. Then she wants us to try a 30-day exercise to "Create a New You." I found it laughable and appalling that she looked both nipped and tucked. If you want us to believe this story, don't show a picture of a Hollywood Barbie who is more plastic than psychic.

These people give the metaphysical community a bad name. If you've had the surgeries, that's fine, but don't try and make us believe that it's due to a being that you channel. Maybe I'm just old fashioned, but I still prefer Hippie to Hollywood in the spiritual community.—*Jonathan Jett, Tulsa, Okla.*

Last Straw

As a relatively new subscriber of a few years, I have had the privilege of enjoying your magazine. I particularly enjoyed the "what, when, where, and why" approach of your articles on the paranormal, mystical, and occult fields.

However, I became displeased, and finally downright annoyed. First I noticed the articles had gotten too long. I thought the era of a penny-a-word authorship went out with the dime novel. I enjoyed carrying FATE with me in the course of the working day. Reading the short, informative articles allowed me to analyze and meditate on them during the day.

The second fly in the ointment came when the format changed in your magazine, which really displeased me. The articles, beside being longer, were now dedicated to one or two types of subject matter: haunted houses, UFOs, Bigfoot sightings, undersea monsters, et cetera. I can read short informative articles on a subject that I am not particurly interested in, knowing that the next article will have information or will collaborate my personal interest in some subject I choose to study. I find monthly issues devoted to fields I am not particully interested in laborious to wade through for the few kernels of information to stay informed.

The dastardly deed that finally infuriated me was the notice in the August issue that FATE was to go bimonthly. That drove a stake through this vampire's heart. Must I now wait six or eight months, or possibly a year, before you publish an issue of relative interest to me?

Being a Cancer sign, I know that I resist change. But sometimes, not all change is for the good. If it ain't broken, don't attempt to fix it.—*Ron Cannata, Fairview, N.J.*

Implausible Phenomenon

In the late 1960s, I flew to New York on a Boeing 727. My seat was just forward of the right engine. The sky was overcast. It was a gloomy, depressing afternoon. Somewhere over Pennsylvania was jarred out of a reverie by a powerful sensation that someone was staring at me. My attention was drawn to the window. Clearly visible was a row of disks traveling alongside the plane. The objects were the about the size of a dime and separated from each other by about a foot. The disks resembled the color and translucence of a pollywog's tail.

After the initial shock, I began to think about the implausibility of this phenomenon. The plane was flying at an altitude in excess of 30,000 feet and a speed of about 550 miles per hour. The stream of objects was passing between the engine and the plane, a space of about three feet. Not only were they slowly passing the plane they were immune to the powerful suction of air caused by the engine. The phenomenon lasted several minutes before the last disc passed the plane. Their movements reminded me of ducks swimming upstream in a gently moving creek.

Describing this experience to engineers, I was told that these were drops of hydraulic fluid. When asked why they passed the plane, mumbo-jumbo was uttered. Pilots, when asked, replied that they did not know.

My guess is that many life forms exist

which have escaped the attention of science.

If anyone can explain this phenomenon I would appreciate hearing about it.—*Joseph Sabol, Lawrence, Kans.*

The Unseen Fluidum

Regarding "The Mystery of Od" (September-October 2009): As my Austrian ancestors were well-known readers and interested analysts of the literary works and extensive publications of Jacob Lorbeer and Emanuel Swedenborg, I was introduced to the-phenomen of "OD" in my early teenage years in Salzburg, Austria. Later in life, I listened to the elaborations of my old aunt "Tante Thissi," who explained to me extensively that the "OD" surrounds every human being on this earth in a way that nobody can really detect, but that we have to consider the other person's "OD" at all times, meaning, the unseen fluidum (and does it mean real privacy?) of every hunan being. In this way we can establish a respect for each other.

Not only that: my dear Tante Thissi advised me very strongly against buying second-hand clothing. She said: "The 'OD' of the former owner is still there!"

So much about the "OD" from you subscriber and thankful reader of FATE magazine for many years.—*Ingeborg Bolt, Salzburg, Austria* ❀

Can You Help These Readers?

My home burned down in the beginning of October 2008. I lost my whole collection of FATE magazines going back at least to the 1980s. I'm temporarily living with my kids while my house is being rebuilt and will be here some months yet. I really miss having FATE to read. If any readers would like to send me past copies that would be great. Thanks!—Judy Porcaro, 3370 State Rt.29, Salem NY 12865

Have you any past-life memories of lifetimes on another planet or recurring dreams of another world?—Lisa Schaeffer, PO Box 1426, Southgate MI 48195

Seeking pet owners whose dogs have suffered due to paranormal (UFO, monster) activity. All requests for anonymity honored.—Robert A. Goerman; email robert_a_goerman@yahoo.com or write: 615 Earl Avenue, New Kensington PA 15068

I am looking for any information concerning December 21, 2012. I am also looking for information concerning the UFO that was over Texas in February 2008, and any other recent UFO discovered in the skies over the US. Please only serious respondents who can share the above information for my research.—Kay Viands, 551 Kennedy St., Scranton PA 18508 ❀

My View of the Unknown

Michio Kaku is a man for all seasons, and a man for all media. He writes popular books, hundreds of articles for scientific journals, appears on many TV programs, and even has his own nationally heard radio show. Paranormal buffs love him because he talks about teleportation, precognition, time travel, antimatter, extraterrestrials, and invisibility, and gives these topics a scientific blessing. Even better, he speaks and writes in a way that the can be understood by the unscientific mind.

Kaku is co-author of the very esoteric "string theory." It takes a bit of doing to understand what he is talking about, but give him the opportunity and you will nod your head with comprehension. String theory, and all the other topics he embraces, cannot be proven, seen, smelled, or touched. He is a conceptualist. Unlike Tesla, he does not conceive something and then build it. He leaves that for others.

Even Kaku must be surprised to know that there are others creating actual working models in the areas he discusses. He will be more surprised this coming Christmas when he shops at a toy store in New York to find that Mattel and Uncle Milton Industries are manufacturing toys for children featuring telekinesis.

According to a *Washington Post* article by Joel Garreau, it works like this:

"You slip a wireless headset on…the earpieces are actually sensors, and what looks like a microphone is a brain wave detector…place its tip against your forehead above your left eyebrow. A few feet away is a ping-pong ball in a clear tube. Your brain's electrical activity is translated into a signal understood by a little computer that controls a fan that blows the air up the tube. Up it lifts, two inches, four inches—a foot. You have just controlled a physical object with your mind. This is telekinesis."

Garreau also tells about an experiment at Duke University where a monkey sends a brain-wave signal 600 miles on the Internet to a robotic arm at MIT which moves in concert to the monkey's arm controlled by her thoughts. This is similar to the work of the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency leading to intelligent artificial limbs controlled by the nervous system. Eventually there will be a second generation that will sense brain waves to activate these limbs.

We have all heard of the Philadelphia Experiment where a naval ship was being tested for a cloak of invisibility. The experiment went terribly wrong with all kinds of consequences such as sailors melded to the metal. The Navy denies any such thing occurred. The story, however,

persists in paranormal legend.

The ambitious researchers at Duke have now developed a material that can hide an object by the use of microwaves. According to an article they published in the journal *Science*, these metamaterials deflect microwaves around a three-dimensional object. It is made up of more than 10,000 individual pieces of fiberglass arranged in parallel rows. A mathematical formula is used to determine the shape and placement of each piece to deflect the electromagnetic waves. You don't see whatever is placed inside this material, and you don't see the wrapping either.

Kaku's theory of invisibility may be somewhat different from this, but it still boils down to the fact that modern-day science is fulfilling Kaku's predictions.

Kaku was once a disciple and protégé of the irascible nuclear physicist Edward Teller. He eventually broke from his mentor because he realized the terrible potential of nuclear bombs in the wrong hands. He is a strong advocate of space probes because of the realistic theory that there are advanced scientific intelligences out there, somewhere. Yet he is a sharp critic of NASA, which he feels wastes a tremendous amount of money and effort.

I was reminded of all this recently when I watched the motion picture *Dr. Strangelove,* starring George C. Scott and Peter Sellers. It is a wonderful film that has lost none of its timeliness many decades later in warning how technology can be turned against us. There are indeed crazies out there, and not all of them are in Pakistan, Afghanistan, and Iran.

Kaku has an amazing mind that is open to all possibilities. He is respected in the scientific community, but not beyond criticism from traditionalists who hold on to worn-out theories. Just as Galileo was pilloried for his advanced thinking, Kaku is willing to go beyond the known to embrace what is possible.

FATE magazine, for more than 60 years, has published stories of the unknown. We in the paranormal community of somewhat unconventional thinkers and believers are lucky to have a scientific mind like Michio Kaku embracing such things as the possibility of time travel, precognition, teleportation, invisibility, and extraterrestrials.

When commercial companies such as Mattel decide to cash in on future science and when *Star Trek* is brought back as a major motion picture to stimulate the young into thinking where "no man has gone before," science has caught up to the conceptualists.

We can only hope for more conceptualists such as Michio Kaku.

***Hilly Rose** is host of the Hilly Rose Show on* www.fatemag.com.

My Proof of Survival

Dakota's Blue Flower

Debra Loeffel

November 4, 1989, to September 2, 2001: That's how long we had Dakota to share our lives. Her dam was a purebred black lab and her sire was a purebred collie. She was named after the Black Hills of South Dakota where we vacationed every year during Bike Week in Sturgis.

My husband Guy brought her home just before Christmas 1989. Our daughter Amy and I had our backs turned when he walked in and placed this small package with a large heart under our Christmas tree. We were delighted.

She was still just a cute little puppy when I realized she could be aggressive. She also seemed not to walk quite right. One day I read about hip dysplasia and realized that could be the problem. I told the vet about it. Dakota was too young for him to run tests on her, so we waited. Some months later, the vet took her out to the parking lot and watched her walk. He admitted I was right, and the X-rays proved it.

Dakota's hip problem was very bad. We did the best we could for her, though we couldn't afford surgery. The vet told us to let her be, as long as she was full of life. We loved her more every single day.

The last couple of years were really rough. There were times when I gave her permission to leave us. "Remember Lady and Shadow?" I asked. "You can go to them now; it's okay." It broke my heart, but I hoped she could go on her own. I couldn't imagine what the future had in store for us.

Sometime in 2000, Dakota developed a hump on her shoulders. We called her our "little buffalo," though we didn't think it was funny. We didn't want to know or believe what it really was. Even the vet wouldn't say. We knew there really wasn't a lot of time left. Dakota deserved better than to be put through painful and expensive tests.

Sometime in August 2001, Dakota was no longer able to reach her food and water stand. We had to put it on a stool so she didn't have to put her head down to eat.

My husband was out of town that Labor Day weekend. Dakota's condition went from bad to worse. On Friday, Amy made her ramps so Dakota could get in and out of the house. That didn't work. By Sat-

urday she could barely stand or walk. She got up once and fell back down. Dakota looked up at me, horrified. Amy and I started to cry. Amy's best friend Amanda was with us watching a movie. She just sat there in stunned silence. When the movie ended they went home, and then it was just Dakota and I.

Dakota and I made it to my bed. She cried off and on and finally wet the bed. She had never done that before. We spent the remainder of the night on the living room floor. For all of her suffering, we did actually fall a sleep from time to time. In between she would tremble and cry. I tried to keep her warm with her blankie but of course that wasn't the real problem. It was around this time that I decided I somehow had to detach myself long enough to do what needed to be done as soon as day came.

I tried calling three different clinics and even a traveling vet, who never did return my call. Then I tried to call our friends Rodie and Judy. I was almost certain they were out camping, but they answered on the second ring. I filled them in on what was happening and asked if they could help. Judy said she would make a call and get right back to me. Judy knew the pain Dakota and I were going through; she had been through it herself.

Dakota continued to cry, and I was beside myself with grief. All morning the song "I am Weary, Let Me Rest" kept going through my head.

Judy called and said she had to run to her vet to learn how and where to give Dakota a shot to keep her comfortable while we wrapped her up in a blanket and got her to the clinic. At this point we couldn't even move her without hurting her. If we could get her there they would put her to sleep in the back of Rodie's van.

Dakota and I waited for Judy. I kept telling her: "Momma loves Dakota, Daddy loves Dakota, Amy loves Dakota."

Judy came and gave her the shot. After that, Dakota wasn't really aware of anything. So basically she got to go in her own living room with Judy and I comforting her.

When we got to the clinic, the vet said we should hold off for a few minutes because she thought Dakota was going to go on her own. But after a few minutes she gave her the shot. Dakota went in the back of Rodie's van with Judy, the vet, and I to see her off. It was very solemn, sweet, and sad.

The vet took one look at Dakota's hump and said it was cancer.

We got her home and buried her with her blankie in the backyard under the grape arbor. It would be Tuesday before I could tell my husband all of this. The day before he came home, I went out to visit Dakota. There beside the grave was a small blue flower. It was never there before. We hadn't

planted it.

With a smile on my face and a lift to my heart, I looked up, crying, and said, "Thank you." I knew Dakota was telling me it was okay. That's exactly how I felt.

The flower bloomed for exactly one week. I will never ever forget Dakota's gift of the blue flower.—*Debra Loeffel, Monticello, Wisc.*

Always Watching Over Me

My grandmother Ida was and still remains one of the most influential people I have ever known. Although small in stature at four-foot-eleven and born in Russia, she was truly the matriarch of our family. Even though no one educated girls in Russia when she was young, her great-aunt provided her with a French tutor who saw to her education. She was considered to be a very wise person. Sadly, she died when I was only five years old. But she came back to save my life many years after her death.

One Monday morning after working my third shift hours I left work at 7:00 a.m. to drive home against all the traffic. I was especially tired because I had also worked the weekend. I considered myself lucky because I was driving against the traffic and could move faster. While driving down the freeway I nodded off. My body and brain were exhausted and I needed rest. I fell asleep in a car going 60 miles per hour down the fast lane of a Los Angeles freeway.

The car started drifting towards the divider wall. At the minimum it would be a very serious accident; at worst, it would be my death.

Suddenly, I heard my name: "Laurel, wake up now!"

I woke immediately as if someone had shaken me, and I realized that I was seconds from hitting the center divider. I swerved the car back into the lane just in time. No one honked or even paid attention to how I was driving. Like an island surrounded by water I was alone but for the voice that woke me.

Where did the voice come from and who was it? I was totally surprised by it. I quickly looked around but saw no one. It took a minute or so to realize what had happened. I knew that voice; it was the voice of my grandmother. I had heard it so often when I was very young, and I never forgot the Russian accent or how she was the only one to use my formal name. It was my grandmother, I had no doubt. She had been watching over me and came down just to wake me, to keep me alive and well.

Many years before, too many to remember, my grandmother took me aside and told me she would always watch over me. She said I would not have to worry because grandmothers do not let their grandchildren down. She knew she was dying and wanted to reassure me that she wasn't letting go just because she had to leave us. I didn't understand what she meant when I was only five, but now, so many decades later, I so fully understand what she meant. She was truly a lady of her words. She was there to save my life.—*Laurel Perkiss, Seattle, Wash.*

A Comforting Message from Dad

When I opened the door to my apartment and walked inside, the first thing I saw was my father sitting at my dinette table. He didn't seem to notice me; he was busy looking through a stack of Christmas cards that were piled in front of him on the table.

I was too surprised to say anything, I just stood there for a minute and stared at him. His gray hair was in its usual crew cut, his face showed that intent expression he had when he was concentrating closely on something. He was wearing a favorite blue sweater with an argyle pattern stitched across the chest.

He finally looked up at me, and I stared into his blue-green eyes for a second before I blurted out, "Dad! What are you doing here?"

"Just looking through your Christmas cards," he answered. He reached down and picked up a card I recognized as the one my cousin Bernadette had sent me and waved it at me. "I'm so glad I don't have to worry about you now," he told me. "Just remember, whenever you need family in the future, these people are your family and they'll always be there for you." Then he turned to his right and suddenly I saw my mother was also sitting at the table, watching him and smiling. He leaned over and took her hand and everything turned blurry.

I woke up to the sun shining in my eyes. I lay there for a few minutes. What a very

Cathy Scibelli

strange dream! My father had passed away when I was 15; I was now 36 and I hadn't dreamt about him in years. Lying there in the present, wide awake, I couldn't even picture his face clearly, yet I knew I had seen him very vividly in the dream. And why was my mother in the dream with him? She was still very much alive.

Since it was Sunday morning I decided I would pick up some pastry and go over to my mother's apartment and tell her about my dream. For some reason, the dream had unnerved me and I felt that sharing it with my mother might make me feel better. Besides, she would probably enjoy hearing that I still dreamed about her being with my father after all these years.

I never had the opportunity to share the dream with my mother. When I arrived at her apartment I found her lying on the bathroom floor, dead. The autopsy report said she had passed away from a heart attack sometime during the night. I wondered if the dream was my father's way of telling me that everything was all right,

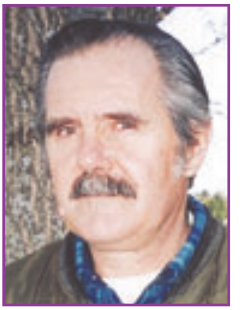
that he and my mother were happily together once again.

The day after my mother's funeral I was looking through the sympathy cards I received. I opened my cousin Bernadette's card and a piece of note paper fell out. When I picked it up and read the simple words she had written in her note, a chill went down my spine, and I sat there, stunned, reading the message over and over. Her words repeated the message my father had spoken to me in my dream as he waved Bernadette's Christmas card at me: "Just remember, when you need 'family' now, we're your family and we will always be here for you."—*Cathy Scibelli, East Norwich, N.Y.*

The Limestone Cross

During the late 1980s, I started building a road into our 80-acre woods in order to have better access to firewood, hunting, and wild berries. I was improving an old logging trail. There were low spots and old ruts and I wanted to make the improvements permanent, so I began hauling small stones from my neighbor's stone fence to my road project. I had permission to take the stones and I hauled them with my pickup truck. This was ongoing for several summers.

There was something about flat stones that fascinated me. Flat stones can be used for several things. You can make a stone fence out of them. If I wanted a base for piling my firewood to dry, putting down a layer of flat stones would do the trick. Also,



John J. Mutter, Jr.

flat stones could be used on a wall or exterior of a building as siding. I knew that I might need them for something, so I began to sort them out.

In 1991, we began a remodeling project in our house that included installing a new wood heater. After a framework was built and finished, we placed a hearth down for the stove to set on. As we were deciding how we wanted the area around the back of the stove finished off, I remembered the flat stones I had been saving. As the carpenters worked to prepare the wall for the stones, I took my wheelbarrow and began hauling them up to the house. Each one had to be cleaned up with water and I worked fast at it, because I had to work the second shift that day at my workplace.

The next day they were beginning to put the flat stones on the wall. It was a slow process as you have to hold each stone against the wall for several minutes until it adheres. I gave them instructions to mix the stones up, so that there weren't too many of the same type together.

They were doing the complete south

wall behind the wood heater and partial walls on the west and east. It was during the third day of the stone application that one of the workers said to me, "Do you want this one on the wall?"

Someone had taken a nail or a small, hard stone and carved a cross into the limestone. The cross was an inch and a half long and an inch wide. "Sure," I said, "put it on the east wall." And so the flat piece of limestone, which is kind of heart-shaped, seven and a half inches long and four and a half inches wide, became a part of our home.

People from the Jerusalem Lutheran Church near Lunds, Wisconsin, were conducting an old-time Christmas program on Saturday and Sunday, December 3 and 4. After the program on Sunday I learned that my friend Roger's wife was in the hospital, and they believed that she had leukemia. She had gone to the doctor because she was bruising so easily.

Nancy Mathison was more than just the wife of a friend. I had stood up for their wedding in 1964. Roger had been my friend since second grade. Nancy was the mother of four boys and an adopted girl from South America.

When I visited the Appleton Medical Center in Appleton, Wisconsin, on December 8, I thought that I would be able to see Nancy, but that was not the case. When I got home, I called the hospital and I was able to talk with her for a while. She seemed to be in good spirits.

I visited again on December 11 and the situation had become grave. People were crying and praying and I couldn't believe how fast things were deteriorating with this leukemia. To see Roger pleading to God for Nancy's life was difficult to witness. Nancy was unable to speak anymore.

Nancy's son Perry had begun posting his mom's condition on his website and I went there to get updates. On December 13, 2005, I printed off the details of Nancy's hospital stay from Perry's website and gave the pages to my wife to read.

On December 14, I picked up the pages about Nancy's hospital stay off the top of the TV to take them back up stairs. Something caused me to stop. My eyes were fixed on the cross that had been carved into the piece of heart-shaped limestone, on the wall. Since 1991, I have walked past that cross thousands of times, so why did I stop and look at it that day? I took the website pages and held them up against the limestone cross. I closed my eyes and said, "Lord, please give Nancy the strength to overcome this leukemia." This happened around 1:30 p.m.

Later that night I learned that Nancy had died. The next day I found out that the time of death was around 1:20 p.m. When I realized how the time she died and when I had held the papers about her hospital stay were so close, chills ran up my spine. Something had happened that day when I stopped to stare at the limestone cross. Was Nancy trying to communicate with me? Was someone heavenly communicating with me?

The night of December 15, Roger called and asked me if I would be one of Nancy's pallbearers. I became emotional; tears welled up in my eyes, "Roger," I said, "I think Nancy tried to communicate with me."

"No John, that's impossible," he said. "Nancy is with Jesus."—*John J. Mutter, Jr., Shawano, Wisc.*

Another Rose

My husband, Matthew Sherman, was killed in an automobile accident in February 1990. Three weeks later I was due to visit Jean Shilton, a British friend who is a medium, and go with her to a course sponsored by the Spiritualist National Union at Stanstead College. I decided to go despite what had happened, feeling it would help ease my grieving process.

I had visited Jean several times before, and each time when I opened my suitcase, I discovered my husband had tucked a rose in a little plastic vial with water among my things. It was his way of saying that while he didn't share my interest in exploring the paranormal, it was okay for me to do my thing, even if it meant going to England by myself. On the plane, the thought popped into my head that on this trip I wouldn't find a rose in my suitcase.

When I arrived, Jean met me and drove me to her lovely little row house. We sat down to have a cup of tea, and began to talk. It couldn't have been more than ten minutes into our conversation when Jean excused herself, saying she would be back shortly, and left the house. I sat there wondering where she had gone, and why.

In 15 minutes she was back, and handed me a rose. "It's from your husband," she said. "I was sitting there drinking my tea when I suddenly felt his presence, and he wanted you to have a rose."

I had never told Jean about the roses in my suitcase. If there was ever a doubt in my mind about survival and an afterlife, it disappeared in that moment. It was a beautiful gift from my husband, but what Jean gave me was even more precious: the certain knowledge of an expanded reality, and the trust that we truly are all immortal souls.—*Diane Sherman-Levine, Princeton, N.J.*

Dollars from Heaven

"A belief is not merely an idea the mind possesses…a belief is an idea that possesses the mind."—Robert Oxton Bolton

The first time Alicia, my friend for life, heard the words "dollars from heaven," she chuckled. The phrase was spoken by her mom when she was taken to the hospital, still able to walk in. They had just stepped into a huge elevator when Alicia looked down and saw a one-dollar-bill on the floor.

"Oh, Mom," she yelled. "Look, a dollar!"

As she bent down to pick it up, she heard her mom's bizarre words "I will send you dollars from heaven."

Alicia's surprised expression said, "What?" Ignoring a phrase that sounded so out of the ordinary, they walked up to the window, where her mom was signed in.

A few days later, Alicia stood at that loathed hospital bed holding her mother's hand in a way only a daughter can, the naked fear of losing her in Alicia's eyes. As usual, Mom knew how to make her only daughter laugh and smile; again she said, "When I am gone, I will send you dollars from heaven."

The phrase sounded so foreign to a daughter in pain. Her smiling face for a moment turned into a frown, not understanding at all. Anyone who meets Alicia marvels at what a happy person she is and how a smile is her constant companion.

Two years after that sad day in August when her mom Dorothy passed away, a unique treasure box held 52 dollars at the home of Alicia and her family.

Alicia found the first dollar on the walkway leading into the Sugar-Bowl, her mom's favorite restaurant. She stared at it, grabbed it, and held it to her heart. With tears in her eyes she remembered what her mom had told her more than once. "I will send you dollars from heaven." It was the day of Dorothy's funeral.

In that instant Alicia knew for sure: "My mom is in heaven."

Some weeks later, Alicia found a dollar bill in a parking lot on a sunny Arizona day, and another dollar nearby on the hot cement. Again she remembered her mother's words.

It happened again and again. Each time, it shocked Alicia into stunned silence, with a quick look around her for someone, anyone, who might claim the money.

Trudy Wells

Later still, on Mother's Day, it was a five-dollar-bill. Alicia's daughter Hailey literally stepped on it outside a grocery store. Alicia picked it up, her hands shaking. She raised her eyes to heaven in a classic expression of total disbelief. "Happy Mother's Day, to you too," she said.

Alicia became a mom after 16 years of marriage, long after she had given up thoughts of ever having a child of her own. At 38, Alicia had already experienced early menopause.

The day Hailey was born they called her a miracle child. A midlife-miracle: Alicia's mom was finally a grandma. An unexpected gift is the best kind.

One cloudy morning in Arizona, during Alicia's daily walk with a few of the moms in the neighborhood after dropping the children off at the schoolbus stop, she looked down at a puddle of water and saw a floating ten-dollar bill. Alicia bent down, grabbed it, ignoring the wet she ran home. As she reached the house she yelled "It's from Mom!" Her husband Roy was

standing at the door. They both looked up to heaven. It was Roy's birthday.

The following October, a ten-dollar-bill appeared in front of Alicia's unbelieving eyes as she was getting out of her car in a crowded shopping-center. Another birthday gift from heaven; Alicia had just turned 47. In absolute awe, she said, "Thank you, Mom!"

In September the next year, the phone rang in Coronado where my husband and I spent three weeks at our home away from home. It was Alicia; her happy voice sounded like cheering: "My mom sent me 20 dollars!"

Alicia found the money in a parking lot as she, Roy, and Hailey were on their way to dinner. The timing was amazing. Alicia was having trouble at her job, and it had to do with money. Her boss had led Alicia to believe she was getting a raise, but in reality her commission got cut, which added up to less pay. The dishonesty was the most upsetting part. Her husband advised her to quit, but her love for the job was making it hard.

As Alicia picked the money up with trembling hands, she could hear her mom's voice: "It's not always about money." To find money on that particular day had to be a sign.

Alicia is still at her job, still waiting and hoping for that raise she so deserves.

The belief in dollars from heaven continues, and that extraordinary treasure box is filling up.—*Trudy Wells, Scottsdale, Ariz.*

The Mystery of the Dimes

I've witnessed some strange, eerie occurrences in my life. Unfortunately, I did not write them down, so I've forgotten most of the details. However, there were two separate incidents that I did write down and they involved finding dimes. At one point in my life, I was finding dimes on the average of once or twice a month wherever I went. This went on for many months at a time.

The first dime incident happened the summer of 2001. I found a pair of dimes on the sidewalk outside the bagel store. Later that day, I met my friend Cathy for a leisurely walk around the local pond and cemetery. The ground was very damp from the rain the night before, but we had sneakers on and didn't care.

Suddenly, for no apparent reason, I stopped in my tracks and stood facing Cathy. In an excited voice I said, "Did I tell you I found two dimes this morning?"

Cathy was used to my "finding dimes" stories. Exasperated and a little annoyed, she said, "Yes, you already told me."

At that moment I looked down and glimpsed the tips of two small objects protruding from a moist mound of earth. Why I bent down to pluck them out of the dirt, I can't say. But, I did. They were two very dirty dimes. We didn't know what they were until I scraped the clinging mud off them.

What are the odds? What did it mean? My father's birthday was February 22. Could it be my father communicating with

Jo Ann Gordon

me from the beyond? After all, we were walking outside a cemetery. I don't know.

The second incident happened the winter of the following year. I was working as an itinerant speech therapist for preschoolers. On my way to a client's house, I asked my mother to give me a sign to let me know she was all right in the afterlife. (She had passed away in 1999.) "Nothing dramatic, Mom," I said. "Just something I would know was a sign."

After the speech session, I stood outside with my student's mom and made small talk, as we usually did. It had snowed a few days before and the ground around the house was half-covered with leftover snow and mud. Something made me look over to the side of the house and the ground. I don't know why.

"What's that in the dirt?" I asked. I went over and scooped an object out of the soft earth. It was so stained with the mud that it wasn't recognizable.

"I think it's a dime," my student's mother said.

"I think so too." That was my sign that Mom was all right in heaven. I did not share my views with my client; I didn't want her to think I was a nut.

When I got back in the car, I spoke to my mother again. "Mom," I said, "If this is truly a sign from you, please send me another dime to find in the near future."

I decided to stop at the supermarket for some last-minute shopping on the way home. As I stepped out of the car into the parking lot, I couldn't believe my eyes. Not four or five feet away from my car was a dime! My mouth fell open as I bent down to pick it up.

Did I need any more proof? Is the universe communicating to me about life after death? Or, are these two "dime stories" just amazing coincidences? What do you think?—*Jo Ann Gordon, Port Jefferson Station, N.Y.*

An Odd Way to Encounter a Ghost

Working in science is an odd way to run into a ghost, but it happened to me.

In the early 1990s I was working in Tonto Basin, Arizona, with several archaeologists from Arizona State University, a few local archaeology buffs, and about a dozen college students. We were digging some platform mound ruins built by a group of prehistoric Native Americans known as the Salado. The mounds were built around 1300 by the ancestors of the tribes later encountered by the Spanish. The work was being done by the anthropology department at ASU for the Bu-

reau of Land Management, and at the time it was the largest ongoing archaeological dig in the country. CNN even came out to visit us one time. The students we had working with us were from all over the United States as well as some from France, England, and Poland.

We had just started our winter field season and it was a beautiful, cool, sunny day in October 1992, typical of the fall weather in central Arizona. My dig partners, Wally Pottle and Robert Casio, and I had started to excavate a midden deposit, (an ancient garbage dump) by putting in a couple of test units or "one-by-ones": one-meter-by-one-meter square holes dug in the ground ten centimeters at a time. As we worked, digging with our shovels and sifting the soil through metal screens, Wally related a dream he had experienced the night before.

"Man, what a weird dream!" Wally said. "I was with a crowd of people with huge dogs riding on our backs that would attack us if we looked anywhere else but forward. The dogs were huge, devil Dobermans with flaming red eyes and huge teeth. And up in the sky were all of these huge UFOs. The dogs were herding us along the road towards some of the landed UFOs. Man, I have not had a dream like that since I stopped digging burials last year."

Wally was one the best we had at excavating the numerous prehistoric burials that were scattered around the site. He did his work with great skill and uncommon respect and sensitivity. However, he had to stop excavating burials when he began having extremely disturbing nightmares. He didn't go into much detail about them, but it got so bad he could not go near a burial without getting so jittery it made doing the delicate work required almost impossible. The archaeologists from ASU then put him to work running the backhoe or hand-excavating the various trash middens associated with the ruins. After the change in work, the nightmares ceased. That is, until today.

"Yeah, them devil dogs would bite huge chunks of meat out of people with their sharp teeth." Wally related in his thick Bronx accent as we dug down into centuries' worth of pot shards, broken stone tools, and other trash left behind by people long dead. Suddenly, Wally hit something.

"Holy crap!" Wally said as his shovel overturned some large bones. "Aw man, I hope that's not a burial. I sure hope that's not a burial."

"It might not be, hold on," Rob said. His father was a teacher at the Hopi reservation and Rob had grown up surrounded by Native American beliefs and traditions. According to legend, chewing bear root protects one from spirits, and Rob always kept bear root with him.

Rob got down into the square hole and began to dig around the bones with his trusty Marshalltown trowel.

"I think what you have here, Wally, is a dog," Rob shrugged. "Just a big dog."

That theory did not seem unreasonable.

Jonathan P. Decker

We had found another dog burial the previous season. The animal had been buried in the side of the larger of the two mounds on the site.

"Well, as long as you're sure that's all it is," Wally said as he got back down in the hole to resume digging and Rob went back to screening dirt.

"That's real strange, Wally; you having that dream about big dogs and then finding the bones of one," I said as I worked on digging my unit, catty-corner to Wally's, one by one.

Wally agreed, saying it was really weird, but he was relieved at the same time. "Yeah, dog bones I can handle, but…unhh-oh!" Wally's eyes grew wide with alarm. With his trowel he had just uncovered a human jawbone. "That's it, I'm outta here. I'm gonna help Jon with screening his dirt."

"Don't worry about it," Rob said. "I'll take over here."

Rob went to work with a pair of bamboo chopsticks and a small brush so as not to damage the fragile bones. He scooped up the loose dirt with a small plastic dustpan, put it into a bucket and then emptied the bucket into a metal screen—actually, two screens, the first a quarter-inch and right below it an eighth-inch screen. When he sifted the dirt, the quarter-inch screen got the larger artifacts and the eighth-inch screen caught whatever the larger screen missed. In this way we gathered the tiny artifacts that would help us reconstruct an ancient life.

As Rob continued to dig he found more artifacts and bone. We usually put the bone in aluminum foil to help protect it, but Rob did not have any on hand. This required a walk back to the two Chevy Suburban trucks parked nearby.

"I'm going back to the truck; either of you guys need anything?" Rob asked, as he climbed out of his square hole.

Before we could reply, a strong wind came up from the south, forming a dust devil right next to where we were working. We had seen dust devils on occasion before. They are like tiny tornados that stir up dust, leaves, and other small objects. The vast majority appeared at random, then disappeared just as randomly when the wind died down. Occasionally you would run into one that had a mind of its own. This was one of those.

The dust devil went to the edge of the test pit, hesitated for a moment, then moved directly over the bones that Rob had exposed in his digging. When it got over the bones, the dust devil began spinning wildly, but only over that one corner of the hole. This went on for several

seconds. Then, in what appeared to be a deliberate effort, it made a beeline for the sifting screens Rob was working with and settled over the tiny fragments in the screens. Once over the screens, the dust devil began spinning even more powerfully than it had before. Faster and faster the dust devil howled, its rage building to a crescendo, sending small artifacts and gravel skyward.

With a final convulsion of fury the whirlwind was spent and the dust devil ceased as abruptly as it had started. Dust began to slowly settle back into the screens. It was almost as though a spirit had been released from its ancient prison.

We all stared at each other dumbfounded, scarcely able to believe what we had just witnessed. Rob pulled the bear root out of his pocket and began to chew a piece of it. He offered me some, which I gratefully accepted and began to chew vigorously.

"I think I am going to go help someone working on the other side of the mound," Wally said, breaking the silence.

Rob and I continued to work in that area but didn't experience anything like that again.

On a previous occasion I saw a dust devil pick up a foil package of artifacts from the top of the mound, carry it high into the air, then drop it about 100 yards away. Another time out of the corner of my eye, for a second I thought I saw a brown-skinned man in a loincloth walking up the side of the mound. It was probably just my imagination getting away from me. After all, in the world of science there are no such things as ghosts. Right?—*Jonathan P. Decker, Baton Rouge, La.*

The Ghost of Route 514

Fall of the year always evokes in me a sense of mystery and the macabre. Colorful falling leaves, aromatic wood smoke, opulent roadside stands brimming with displays of dried cornstalks, pumpkins, gourds, fresh-pressed apple cider, and an assortment of scrawny, patchwork scarecrows conspire to reinforce the appeal of autumn. I've loved this time of year ever since I was a kid. When there is a chill in the air and every shadow takes on a life of its own, I'm reminded of the time that I became convinced that ghosts really do exist, that they walk the earth, and that they make their presences known sometimes when you least expect them.

It was late September 1989, when my wife, Carol, and I spent an evening with our friends, Richard and Judy, at their circa-1882 stone farmhouse in Kingwood, New Jersey. They managed several acres of vineyard and sold wine grapes and juice to commercial wineries and home winemakers. After a wonderful dinner and some good conversation, it was close to midnight when we thanked our hosts for their hospitality and climbed into our Dodge Aries for the hour's drive home to East Brunswick.

I remember that the post-midnight hour was partly cloudy with the tempera-

Tom Petuskey

ture hovering somewhere in the 60s, not enough for me to switch on the car's heater. I was comfortably settled in the driver's seat and Carol was enjoying the solitude when we began to recount the highlights of our visit. Soon we left Routes 12 and 202 and proceeded on Route 514, which would take us across the state almost to our destination.

The western stretch of 514 offers a bucolic drive past farms, fields, forests, and quaint towns with names like Hopewell and Rocky Hill. Just past the village of Reaville, perhaps a mile down the road where it is flanked by rolling farmland, we encountered the ghost of Route 514.

At the time, we were lost in our own thoughts and enjoying the early morning silence save for the comforting hum of the car's engine. I was cautiously moving about 40 miles per hour, ever vigilant for deer, when I rounded a bend and saw an eerie, translucent mist in the middle of the road. It didn't occur to me to stomp on the brake pedal as I knew it wasn't a solid object.

At first it seemed amorphous until it quickly took on human form and turned to face the car. Its features became shockingly clear as it spontaneously glided over the car's hood and disappeared into the darkness behind us. In those few seconds, I perceived the wraith to be a female with shoulder-length hair and the distinctive face of a middle-aged woman. Her arms were at her side, and she wore a kind of gauzy nightgown (burial shroud?) that disappeared along with her legs below the knee.

I was stunned and quietly absorbing what I just had seen when my wife asked, "Did you see that?"

At first, all I could utter was a simple "Yes." But then I countered with, "What did you see?"

Carol's description exactly matched mine, and we were both filled with wonder and pleased that we agreed on what had transpired.

During our brief conversation, the temperature in the car dropped appreciably. Paranormal investigators claim that ghosts absorb energy from their surroundings in order to manifest themselves. For a moment, it occurred to us that perhaps the ghost was hitching a ride. However, that notion faded when the temperature in the car soon returned to its original comfortable level.

We were more in awe than afraid. Although it happened so quickly, the event left an indelible impression in our minds. We agreed that the specter had a detailed face together with flowing hair, arms, torso,

and clothing that was unmistakably distinctive.

Although some years have passed since we witnessed this event, Carol and I consider ourselves lucky to have had this experience. Accordingly, every year, when the rolling autumn mists drift lazily over the landscape, and Carol and I are in a mood to relax in our sitting room with a comforting glass of wine, it's a given that the ghost of Route 514 will again manifest itself in one of our fireside conversations. I wouldn't want it any other way.

My interest in the paranormal was sparked by this experience. Today, I am the founder of SCOPE, Scientific Confirmation of Paranormal Events: *www.scopenj.com.*— *Tom Petuskey, East Brunswick, N.J.*

❀

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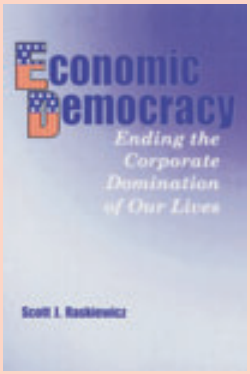

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True Mystic Experiences

How I Discovered FATE

You could say I discovered FATE magazine while conducting an experiment. I am not sure of the year, but I think it was 2003. I was working a part-time job at a small shop in Lake Anne Village Center in Reston, Virginia.

One evening as the daylight ran out, I left work and walked to my car. I had recently been experimenting with "asking and listening." I had some free time between work and an event I was attending later that evening, so I decided to try asking and listening to see if an angel or spirit guide might suggest something to for me to do. I posed my question and waited silently in my car for an answer. I had only so much faith in this kind of thing, but I was open enough to experiment, in spite of being uncomfortable with the whole business.

The answer I heard was simply: "Sam." I couldn't get anything beyond that, although I tried. I tried thinking of what that might mean. I didn't know anyone by that name. I thought of "Uncle Sam," but that didn't help. I remembered there was a street in Reston with "Samuel" in its name, so I looked at my map and found it: Samuel Morse Drive, a short dead-end street with small office buildings. I drove over there with an open mind; I thought maybe there would be a restaurant or shop that I could go into. No such luck. So I turned around, made a left turn onto Sunset Hills Road, and just drove out trying to be open to further messages. I seemed to "hear" this phrase in my mind: "Sam I Am." I chuckled and kept on driving.

The event I was attending that evening was in downtown Herndon at 7:30 p.m. I was headed in that direction, so I just went with that. I turned right onto Reston Parkway and then took a left into a shopping center north of Reston Town Center, which includes Best Buy, Starbucks, and Barnes & Noble. I wasn't really hungry, so I went to Starbucks and ordered a hot cocoa and a snack. I hadn't been to that Starbucks before and I was surprised to see it had direct access to Barnes & Noble. *There's a good place to kill some time*, I thought. So I walked in.

I had nothing in mind, so I just let my eyes lead me. I found a section of non-fiction bargain books, and was immediately drawn to a book called *Mystic Experiences*, compiled and edited by Jennifer Spees. The subtitle read: "Fascinating Real-Life Stories of Spirits, Other Dimensions and Strange Phenomena." That sure sounded interesting, so I looked at the back cover, which only got me more interested.

I opened the front cover and was about to start reading the inside of the book jacket. But instead of starting at the top,

David Wisbey

my eyes were drawn to something near the bottom of the flap: the name "Sam"!

I was stunned as I read further: "Sam the 'Spunky Angel of Mercy,' who averted a head-on collision." It was the first of several bits about some of the book's stories, which continued on the back flap. When I got over my shock, I chuckled a bit, saying something like, "Okay, very funny. I get it."

It was quite humbling to know that I might have been directed in spite of it not seeming that way. I can't think of a better explanation. Why else would I only hear "Sam" in response to my question about what to do, where to go, and then find this? Of course I had some doubts; it could have just been coincidence. But I found that harder to believe.

Obviously, I bought the book, and pretty much devoured it. I found the "Sam" story first, and actually read the entirety of it while standing there at the bookstore. Certainly my circumstances were not anything like what the person in the story was dealing with, and it might not have been the same angel who directed me to this, but I don't think that matters.

In the introduction, on page xi, the author says: "For over 50 years, the readers of FATE Magazine have submitted their true stories of strange, unexplained, and paranormal experiences. True Mystic Experiences has been one of FATE's most popular features since 1948. These are firsthand accounts of extraordinary events happening to ordinary people."

I couldn't recall ever having heard of FATE, but I knew I had to look into it. I ended up subscribing. I even started seeing it in various places after that; I hadn't noticed it before.

Later, on a really slow night at work, I tried my experiment again. This time I seemed to hear the name "Franz Ferdinand." So I got on the Internet and started searching. Of course this led me to Franz Ferdinand, the Archduke of Austria-Hungary whose assassination in Sarajevo was the spark that lit the powder-keg of World War I. I had no idea why I was told this name. However, over time and several psychic readings, it seems that I might have been him in that life.

I still find it hard to believe, but I don't know what else to make of it.—*David Wisbey, Lakewood, Colo.*

Lisa Yorio

The Poltergeist That Didn't Like Milk

My first encounter with paranormal activity happened when I was seven years old, in 1977, at my aunt's house in Haverstraw, New York.

My aunt baby-sat me a few days each week. I dreaded going there. As soon as I entered her house, I immediately smelled a strong scent of perfume like rotting flowers. This always seemed to permeate from the area of the main doorway of the house.

There were bells on the back of this door hanging from several hooks. Someone would have to open up the door from the outside in order for the bells to make a sound. Several times when I was alone and walked past this area, suddenly the bells would start rattling even though the door was not open. A strong, cold breeze would flow throughout the house, and the kitchen windows would also rattle as if someone were trying to break in. I remember checking the windows but they were all locked and almost impossible to open. The shutters were closed tightly and fastened by a hook. When I tried to open them they wouldn't budge.

My cousins told me that they all heard voices in the corner of their bedrooms. This usually would happen every night when they tried to fall asleep. It would always be around the same time. Sometimes the voices would be so loud it would wake them up. They would fall back to sleep and the voices would just fade away.

Even though I was a kid at the time, I was reluctant to believe the house was haunted. I thought my cousins were just trying to scare me by making up these scary stories. I didn't believe them until I had my own poltergeist encounter.

The scariest experience for me was when I was carrying a tray of three glasses of milk upstairs for my cousins. I can remember it vividly like it was yesterday. The glasses suddenly flew off the tray and up in the air, all at once. It was almost as if they levitated for a few seconds. Then the milk poured all over my head. The glasses then landed on the tray perfectly without spilling a drop. However, I was dripping wet and crying at this point.

I was in total shock. I couldn't believe what had just happened to me. I didn't understand at the time that this was a paranormal experience. It was as if something or someone grabbed the glasses off the tray, poured them over my head, and then placed them back on the tray. None of the glasses fell on the floor or spilled on the carpet, only on me. It was very scary.

I told my aunt what had happened and of course she didn't believe me. She thought I spilled the milk and made up some ridiculous excuse so I wouldn't get in trouble. I told her I thought it was a ghost and the house was haunted. She just laughed and said I had a wild imagination. Then I wondered to myself, was my mind playing tricks on me or was the house really haunted? I never did find out what actually happened that day.

Years later, one of my cousins said that he had something to tell me. He admitted that my aunt started experiencing similar occurrences that were paranormal in nature. This was shortly after the incident that happened to me. She also encountered weird smells, rattling doors, voices, breezes, and window shutters moving by themselves. She finally had a priest come to the house and bless it in order to get rid of anything evil lurking there. I'm not sure if the blessing worked, because I lost contact with them after my mother passed away. All I know is that they moved out of the house shortly afterwards.

I didn't remember this incident until years later when I was in high school. One day, I just had a memory of it; I could see it so vividly. If it was a product of my imagination, I don't think I would recall this so many years later, but probably a lot sooner. I believe now that this did happen to me when I was younger. This could be why I was always fascinated with the supernatural since I was a child.—*Lisa Yorio, Albuquerque, N.M.*

Carol Wasniewski

The Gift

During my adult life, I have had many strange psychic experiences. One of the first yet most profound of these occurred during a particularly difficult time in my life when I was 19 years old. I had experienced a loss of faith, had dropped out of the religion into which I was born and raised, and had decided that I was now an atheist. In all my teenaged wisdom, I avowed that there was no God or afterlife, and when you died, that was the end of you. But what happened to me on a warm, spring Friday night in 1969 changed my beliefs forever.

It started out as a normal evening for me, just hanging out with friends, doing nothing. For some reason, I came home early, around 11:00 p.m., and even though my family was still up watching television, I went right up to bed. On other weekend nights, I would have joined them to watch the late movie, but on that night, I just wanted to go to sleep.

About three or four in the morning, I woke up feeling very sick to my stomach.

I stumbled into the bathroom in the dark, which was again highly unusual for me. (I should mention here that I did not drink or ingest anything that could have made me sick, as teenagers are sometimes prone to do.) After about five minutes of sitting in the dark, I returned to my bedroom and collapsed on top of the bedcovers. That's the last thing I remembered until the next morning when I awoke.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself lying on my back under the covers, which were neatly smoothed and tucked under my chin as if the bed had been made up with me in it. In my hands, which were positioned under the covers and clasped on my stomach, I held rosary beads like a corpse at a Catholic wake. The message was loud and clear.

What do you do after an experience like this? I asked everyone in my family if they had come into my room, and of course, they all said no. I tried to return to church but still felt disconnected. So I prayed to God and to the Blessed Mother and asked for help and guidance.

A few months later, my prayers were answered when I purchased my first metaphysical book about the readings of Edgar Cayce. It was called *Dreams, Your Magic Mirror* by Elsie Sechrist and contained readings where Mr. Cayce had interpreted dreams for people while in a sleeping trance. A few years later, I read my first copy of FATE magazine, and I've been a subscriber ever since. The stories in FATE, especially those submitted by the readers, have helped to greatly strengthen and affirm my faith over the years.

As I am writing these words, we are in the middle of the Christmas season and of another assault on the spiritual message of Christmas by people who believe now as I once did. I always say a prayer for them and wonder at the amazing experience that placed me on my own particular spiritual path and that bestowed on me the gift of faith that has sustained me throughout my life.—*Carol Wasniewski, Cherry Hill, N.J.*

Dreams Come True in Paris

While traveling in Paris with my college choir in January 1973, I found that I had quickly gone through the money I had brought with me for meals and entertainment. In desperation, I started borrowing money from my (very generous) best friend, who was also on the trip.

One night I had a dream about a stream spilling down a hillside, with golden coins floating down to where I stood at the bottom of the hill. Nice dream!

The next night my friend and I wandered into a quiet, dimly lit cobblestone street on Paris's romantic Left Bank. To our right, streets came down a hill to intersect with the street we were on. Imagine my amazement as I saw, in the stream that ran down the side of the closest street, a flotilla of French franc notes.

I plucked the not-even-damp bills from the water, paid my friend back, took her out for a few glasses of champagne in a

Su Hoyle

lively little bistro, and had enough left over for the rest of our time in France.

That's a dream I wouldn't mind having again!—*Su Hoyle, Wendell, Mass.*

Hoodoo. You Do? Do Not!

Never did I imagine that I would be intrigued by the curious world of voodoo, but a funny thing happened on my way through New Orleans. First off, it was hard to ignore the Crescent City's romantic reverence for all things mystical and magical, voodoo in particular: you couldn't pass a storefront or read a historical pamphlet without some reference to the ancient art and its origins. Amused by this experience, I started to read some of the literature regarding the history and "science" of it all.

Before you start to think that I'm some twisted, vindictive individual, you should know that I'm a harmless housewife with two kids and a cat, and I teach piano to little kids. I grew up in a home where the religion was served like homemade iced tea: strong and no unnecessary sweetening. There are no skeletons in my closet, but there are just enough pins lying around to scare the faint of heart.

While I didn't come away from New Orleans with a degree in mystical science, I did return with a bag full of candles shaped in the forms of males and females that I thought would make funny birthday presents, or some such thing.

"What in the world are you going to do with *those*?" my husband asked.

It gave me more than a little pleasure to grin ever-so-sweetly, with just a hint of mischief, and respond, "Why? Worried? Maybe you'd better stay on your toes, just in case!"

At the time, I was having a miserable time at my office, where I worked as a production associate for hundreds of episodes of children's animated television. It should've been a happy place, with all the cartoons and wacky sound effects, but it wasn't. My very-married old villain of a boss (complete with handlebar mustache) was tripping the light fantastic with the perky 22-year-old assistant I'd hired to fill my shoes during my maternity leave. I tried my best to ignore them, but the last straw came when he started to give her some of my long-promised and deservedly earned plum assignments.

One day, sitting in my small, ventilation-free office, I realized that I needed some kind of cosmic release for all of the backed up emotional bile I'd been tasting for months and months.

That night, I pulled out a pair of the little wax human candles, one male and one

Thresa Katz

female. I set them on the kitchen table. Staring at them for a while, I realized that I could never feel comfortable causing someone else pain or grief. But I had certainly had had enough of the pain and grief that I was walking through every day at work. What I really wanted to do was express my frustration and create something that would make me smile. That night, my "hoodoo" dolls came to life.

Pulling out a hot glue gun, paints, a tin of colored sewing pins, and various little trinkets from around the house, I assembled my very own "magic factory" on the kitchen table. Lighting some other votive candles around the room and turning on appropriate mood music, I was inspired to begin my fantasy work. On the heads of the various pins I glued aspirin, feathers, beads, rocks, crystals, and an odd assortment of hardware. I put dots and squiggles of paint on various parts of the wax bodies. Then I sat down and created a chart that listed the symbolism of each pin—showing the heartaches, headaches, stomachaches, and other emotions that I felt these two were causing and how the articles glued to each pin were meant to release me of those feelings. When it was all finished, I sat back and admired my handiwork.

Monday morning, those dolls sat in a place of prominence on a bookshelf in my office. People would walk by and gasp. I refused to answer questions, saying that they were gifts. And they were gifts, really: I had given myself the gift of freedom from all the drama, and released it onto the wax figures. Each time I stared at the bright red pins with the aspirin glued to them, I thought: *I am free from the headaches.* And the feathers glued to the yellow pins meant I was free from the crazy anger I had felt as tasks and privileges were taken away from me.

One month after my hoodoo art project, my boss and his playmate were unceremoniously fired from our company with no warning. Employees began to stop by my office and inquire if the figures on the bookcase (which were melted down the night after the dismissals with a naughty champagne toast) were responsible. I shook my head and said, "No. They represented something else entirely."

Recently, a couple I knew went through a vitriolic divorce and the wife just couldn't let go of her obsessive need to know every detail about her ex-husband's life (which was odd, since she was the one who requested the divorce). Pulling new two male and female candles out of my "magic kit," I created what I now called Reflection Dolls of them both. The pins represented things

like: no jealousy, equal amounts of finances, evenly divided time with the children, and some of the symbols from my original dolls. Presenting them to her, I felt as though I'd passed the torch and had given her the gift of freedom.

People can say what they will about voodoo and the various forms of magic that are out there in the universe, but I know that an unusual gift was given to me on that visit to Louisiana. I will forever be grateful that I found an outlet to let go of negative energy and emotion. It is my humble opinion that every woman should make room for a little hoodoo in her life. My cupboard still houses a hot glue gun and 1,000 colored pins, so anyone else looking to break my heart: consider yourself warned.—*Thresa Katz, Canyon Country, Calif.*

Just Passing Through

In February 1965, I was a student nurse at Hospital of St. Cross, in Rugby, England. One night at about seven o'clock I was driving home to my parents' house on my motorcycle (a Triumph 650 in a BSA frame) and was approaching Tubby's Café in Willoughby, where the four lanes came down to a two-lane and the road shortly afterwards curved and went under a railroad bridge. In my direction the café and gas (called petrol over there) was on the left-hand side of the road and diesel refueling was on the right.

Motorcycles back then had useless lights anyhow, but I could see the lit-up buildings on both sides of the road. What I could not see was a long gas tanker, which was leaving the fueling side and crossing to the parking area on the café side of the road. His headlights were right off the road on my left, and the taillights were totally off the road on the right. In those days, trucks did not have lights down the side of the vehicle, as they do in the States. He was moving in a painfully slow manner, and I was almost on him and doing over 70 miles an hour when I made out his shape…about 25 yards ahead! I slammed on the brakes (which were as useless as the lights in those days) though I knew there was no hope whatever of avoiding him.

David Gerrard

The next instant, I was on the other side of the tanker truck, still standing on the brakes, and slowing down. Totally in shock and shaking, I stopped the bike, put it on the side-stand and walked back to the truck, which was still completely blocking the road, grinding forward slowly. I walked almost up to it. I could see the driver, but he did not notice me at all. I could smell

his diesel engine churning. I turned around, walked back to my motorcycle and drove very slowly back home to Braunston. (about three miles) I never did say a word to my mom about it!

I will never know just what happened that night to save my life. But I have always thanked God and my guardian angels for doing it. And now I say "Thank you!" once again!—*David Gerrard, Hillsboro, Tenn.*

Dale's Clock Knows

In my room there hangs a Dale Earnhardt clock with a little racing car that goes around the edge of its face. This clock runs on two diffrent types of batteries: AA batteries for the clock and Cs for the car. For a long time I forgot to change the C batteries, and they got weak to the point that the car wouldn't move at all.

Amazingly enough, close to midnight one night in November 2004, the little car went around the face of the clock. It made me almost jump out of my skin has I lay in bed. I thought it was strange because the batteries were so weak by that point.

The next day we got news that my nephew's wife had given birth to my great-niece Jazmyn Lily around three o'clock in the morning, Indiana time, which would be midnight to us.

The little car raced on its route again in August 2005, a couple of days after my dad's funeral. I wondered if by some chance Dad could have been playing with the clock. I have heard that ghosts and spirits take energy from batteries. Is it possible that Dad may have had an hour or two of power to recharge the weak batteries in order to make the car go around?

Kenneth L. Christenson

Strangely enough, in June 2008 the clock went off again. The little car raced around the face of the clock at seven o'clock and a second time at eight. Did the spirit of my dad cause this to happen? This time my mother witnessed the clock going off in my room and she was amazed.

The next morning I finally took out the old C batteries. On that same morning, we got a call from California telling us that my niece's baby had been born around eight-thirty the previous night.

It's strange that this clock should go racing around at a time of birth or death.—*Kenneth L. Christenson, Carson City, Nev.*

The Dream

The dream was so vivid. Even now, decades later, I can recall it as though I just blinked awake.

It was 1974. I was in eighth grade. I awoke with a start one night, but the peace

I felt was so all-encompassing, so new, so welcome. In my dream I had been with a group of my classmates. We were on a large open cemented area. We were trying to lift heavy boxes up onto a platform of some kind. A crane hoisted large rope netting with boxes in it over our heads. Suddenly the boxes came down on my head. I was pushed to the ground but felt no pain. A peace engulfed me unlike anything I'd experienced in my 14 years on earth. I heard crying and yet I was happy because of my peace and tranquility. I awoke smiling.

I pondered that dream for months, grinning every time it crossed my mind. I used the experience to help complete a creative writing assignment that year, finishing with the sentence, "I don't anticipate death, but I no longer fear it."

In 2001, while living just outside Raleigh, North Carolina, I answered an ad in the newspaper to work for a locally-based airline. There was a huge turnout, and we were told about the positions for which they were interviewing. "Ramp work" was paired with customer service desk work. It sounded good to me so I jumped through all the hoops and was accepted into their eight-week training course.

I was assigned two roommates and was given an apartment with a van that would shuttle us to our classes at the airport each morning.

The first week was eye-opening as we were introduced to the various airplanes, told to memorize airport codes from across

Kelly Stigliano

the country, and updates on airline rules, codes, and protocol. We were taken onto the tarmac and shown how to guide planes into their final resting spot, bring the jet bridge to the plane side, and unload the luggage. My biggest thrill was to actually guide a plane to a stop.

One day while my class of 12 was on the tarmac being shown how to load and unload luggage, the bottom door of the plane by the cargo area began to lower over my head. Instantly my middle-school dream was before me. Although I had all but forgotten the vision, I was again on that large cemented area with my classmates. The cargo door came toward my head and my body shook with the chill of death.

I looked at a female classmate and whispered, "I dreamed this! I've been here before." She smiled as one smiles at an insolent child interrupting a priest. The peace I'd felt in that dream decades earlier returned to me from the top of my head to my toes.

That night while taking to my husband

on the phone, I told him about my childhood dream and about the experience on the tarmac. He was troubled and suggested I quit right away. I assured him I'd be careful and that if it wasn't my time to die nothing would happen. "If it is my time to die, it doesn't matter where I am, I'll go." He was less than pleased.

One early morning during the beginning of the third week of training, we were each in our respective bedrooms preparing for the day and I listened to the news on the radio. The announcer said that our airline had just filed Chapter 11. I ran to the bathroom and banged on the door. I yelled for my other roommate to come out of her bedroom. Together we listened to the news. I silently reflected on my dream and what it meant to remove this hazard from my life.

As our classmates gathered in the parking lot to wait for our shuttle van to pick us up, we began to lament our futures. Once we all arrived in our classroom at the airport we were told that everyone except those from Connecticut and Georgia would be sent home immediately. For me that just meant a drive into the suburbs. The following week we learned that those few remaining trainees were also sent home.

Sometimes when it "isn't your time", extreme things take place to redirect fate. I've never had a recurrence of the dream or the feelings associated with it. When I do, I will know my time has come.—*Kelly J. Stigliano, Orange Park, Fla.*

The Rhino Raptor

One evening in 1979, when I was ten years old, my family was visiting my grandparent's home in Clarksville, Indiana. On such visits, after an early supper, my grandmother would offer us children a penny for each pine cone that we collected from where they had fallen beneath a great old magnolia tree in her backyard. On this particular evening, in the gathering dusk, my brother, sister, and I set about our chore. It didn't take long for us to lose count of our accumulating bags of "pine cone pennies" for the far more interesting adventure of climbing the magnolia tree.

Now, it was nearly nightfall, and what wan light still shed from the sky was aided only by a weak light bulb at the house's back porch. I had outstripped my brother and sister and made it to very near the peak of the tree, when I stopped to rest and wait to see if they would also make it as high as I had. It was there, in the upper reaches of the tree, that my wandering eyes caught sight of a large, eagle-type bird perched on a branch perhaps five or six feet away, staring directly back at me. It was about two and a half feet tall and had dark brown, blackish feathers and one truly remarkable feature: on its beak was a large, up-curving horn like that of a rhinoceros.

Well, as can be imagined, it gave me such a fright that I made a hasty, half-falling, limb-clutching exit from the tree, passing my siblings as I did so, much further down (I had no idea I'd gone so high). Upon hitting the ground, I called out fran-

Michael Forrest

tically for my brother and sister to get down out of there. I had visions of the large bird descending and attacking them. Much to my relief, they did make it down, unharmed, and without encountering the creature I breathlessly described to them. In any event, they were unbelieving.

Some time later, now in full dark but with flashlight in hand, I summoned the courage to go back up there, and amidst the foliage I found…nothing. I've never again encountered what I termed the "rhino bird," and the magnolia tree where I saw it has long since been cut down. But I've always wondered just what it was I had seen on that long-ago evening. Any similar experiences or information on the creature would be greatly appreciated for your sharing.—*Michael Forrest, Tucson, Ariz.*

Orbs: Emanations from Other Dimensions?

Are orbs expressions of intelligent beings from another dimension? And if so, are they seeking communication with us? Based on my personal experiences, as well as the research of others, I've concluded the answer is yes to both questions. But you can find your own answers and you don't have to have special talents or expensive gear to launch your own investigations; curiosity and a digital camera will suffice.

When I first began hearing about orbs, I wasn't overly impressed. I assumed there were a multitude of ordinary explanations, including reflected light, dust particles and camera malfunctions. It wasn't until I found myself peering into the face of an orb from my own camera, when I was certain the possibilities of obtaining false images were unlikely, that I began to take a closer look.

During a rash of forest fires in southern California in October 2007, a close friend of mine evacuated her home on the Santa Ysabel Indian Reservation with her daughter and two small grandchildren. The fire was barely visible from their house and still traveling in the opposite direction, but the power was off and they had no lights or water so they welcomed a short vacation at my place. Over the course of a week, my friend and I periodically drove up to check on the situation and to retrieve needed items from her house.

On one of these occasions it was already night by the time we made it to her house. Without even a flashlight, my friend had to fumble around in the dark to locate jackets, baby food, and diapers. I was just getting in the way, so I went outside and

Jeannie Beck

looked toward the fire. I couldn't help but think of the last time they had evacuated to my house, just a few years earlier, due to another fire. That time, her father had been with us. *Where are you now?* I wondered silently toward my much-missed friend.

From where I was, the line of flames just looked like a glow worm on a molehill, but I needed something to do so I checked under my car seat to see if my camera was there. It was a new digital camera that I hadn't used much but I knew there was a night setting somewhere, so I messed around with it until I found it. I couldn't see a thing when I looked at the view finder. I didn't really know what I was doing or if anything would turn out, but I took several pictures anyway, hoping they'd record more than I was able to see.

Scanning through my stored images the next day, I found my pictures of the fire to be as dismal as I expected, but there was a picture facing away from the fire, towards my friend's yard, that showed much more than the darkness I'd seen. A large, orange-tinged orb appeared like a deliberate subject in the otherwise drab setting. As I peered into the small screen I could've sworn I could see a face in the orb.

For several weeks, I kept getting out my camera for another look. Still, I expected to be disappointed when I got the pictures processed. When I finally saw the print, the hair on the back of my neck raised. It was an even more impressive orb than my small screen had hinted at.

I remembered having taken a similarly strange photo ten years earlier with a regular 35-millimeter camera. I took this photo on a clear, sunny morning near our new home in the mountains of Julian, California. I'd thought I was merely taking a picture of my unborn child's father jogging up the road. When it was developed, I remember having been mystified by the balls of light that appeared to be coming from high in the sky towards us. My baby was born shortly after this and the jogger and I broke up, and we soon forgot about mystical possibilities. The picture was stashed away and forgotten until now.

Only recently have I thought back to that lonely time in my life when the only neighbor I'd met was a kind, elderly woman, who I thought was quite eccentric. In fact, the first time we ever spoke was when I met her while out walking on this road where the photo was later taken. In that first conversation she told me that she often saw angels in this area. Now I wonder if she actually had been seeing the same kind of images my camera had recorded.

Now that I had two orb photos that I'd taken myself, I wanted to explore the matter seriously. Was it a coincidence that during the time of taking each photo I'd been involved in some kind of emotional turbulence with spiritual overtones? Do certain states of consciousness open a door to another dimension? My gut feeling about both photos was that the orbs had presented themselves intentionally, but I needed additional information. As I began to think more deeply on the subject and look into the research of others, pieces began to connect into a larger picture.

Scanning the shelves of a bookstore, I managed to find a reference to orbs in a book by clairvoyant Melba Goodwyn, titled *Ghost Worlds*. Goodwyn claims that spirits travel from one vibrational frequency to another by assuming a spherical structure, and that their energy is emitted as impulses of light that can be captured in photographs. She believes they attract attention deliberately and may even wish to convey messages to those who are receptive.

Goodwyn identifies different types of orbs with varying degrees of energy and classifies them as ghost orbs, spirit orbs, and oracle orbs. I was fascinated at her description of oracle orbs and how they sometimes assume facial features. My interest deepened as I read how they often are photographed near homes of expectant parents and that they may be present during times of life crisis or extreme chaos.

Orb photo from Santa Ysabel, California, October 2007

Most of what I've heard about orbs seems to involve graveyards or haunted houses, but I've occasionally heard references to inexplicable balls of light in conjunction with crop circles and UFOs. For some reason, I never thought to connect all the references of balls of light. Once I leaped into this wider range of possibility, I began to wonder about a few stories I'd heard about people who've experienced seeing balls of light with their naked eyes. In these reports weather phenomena could not account for the interactive quality of the experience.

I'd had an experience, years before I'd taken my first orb photo or even heard of orbs, that now seemed relevant. I had become interested in the use of medicinal plants for healing purposes. I often took long walks around the hills where I lived, searching for specific plants. I was raising two young children alone and preparing to graduate from college. At the end of a long day, often feeling overwhelmed by my diverse pursuits and responsibilities, I would sometimes sit in a dark room alone

Orb photo from Julian, California

and try to empty my mind.

On one occasion, I was sitting in the dark with my eyes closed when I suddenly experienced an outrageous sense of joy. I was elated for no discernible reason and burst out laughing. I opened my eyes immediately, embarrassed in case the kids might wake up to wonder if I'd lost my mind.

When I opened my eyes, I saw several small, bright spheres of light come floating through the closed window. As I stared in amazement, they danced in what seemed choreographed movements in front of me. The sensation of being in love, magnified to such an incredible point that it seemed nearly intolerable, washed over me in continuous waves. I cannot describe it in any rational way, but somehow the dancing lights were conveying some emotion of bliss that I felt I could no longer sustain. I closed my eyes for a moment. When I opened them again, the balls of light had stopped dancing and began to float out the window as they had come.

No one I confided in later had any idea what I was talking about, and the only reference I could find that seemed close was in some ancient Germanic literature. Elves, it seems, were called "the shining ones," and were sometimes perceived as entities of light. I decided to file the experience away as just some wonderful, bizarre event that I couldn't confidently explain.

It seems that the advent of the digital camera has brought a larger body of witnesses into the viewing arena of orbs. Hopefully, increasing sightings will stimulate more serious research. Perhaps it is no coincidence that orbs are becoming easier to photograph and apparently more prevalent at this time in our history. Our consensus reality, placing humans in the center of the grand scheme of life, seems to be bringing us to the brink of self-destruction. It may be high time for a new paradigm of consciousness and reality, and maybe the study or orbs will help us along this new frontier.—*Jeannie Beck, Borrego Springs, Calif.* ❀

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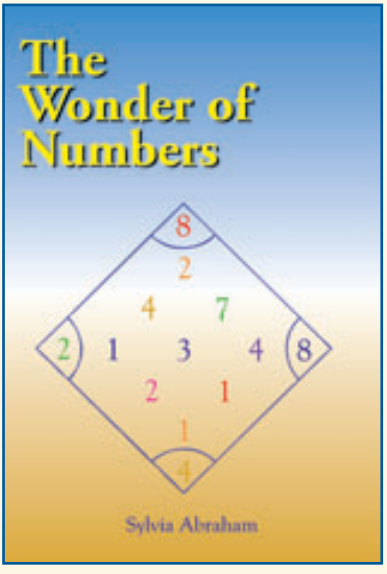

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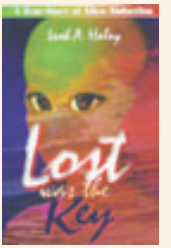

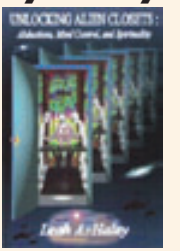

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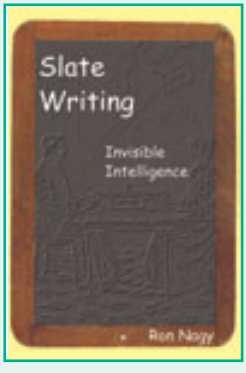

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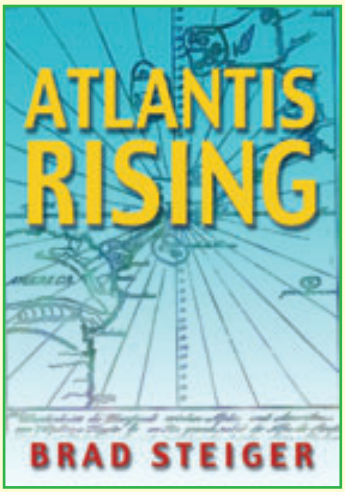

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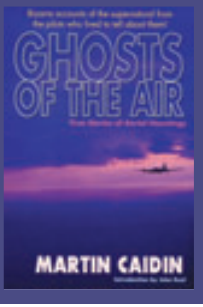

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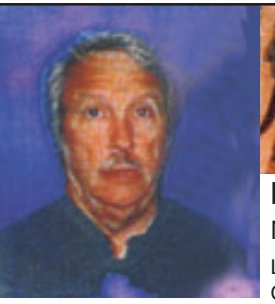

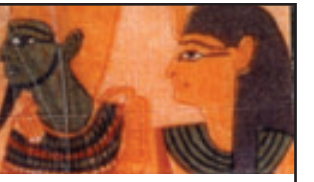

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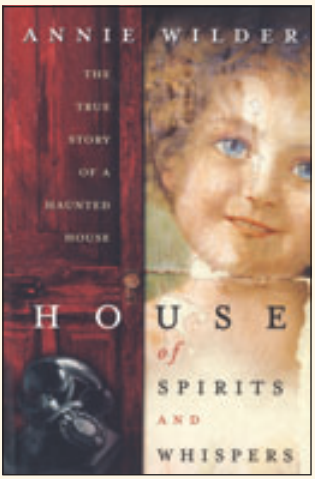

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MAY-JUNE 2009

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The Amazing Godwin

It seems that my memory is not at all reliable:

I distinctly remember hearing Thomas Edison's first grammophone recording of "May Had a Little Lamb," followed by "Ha ha ha!" Now all that can be found on the Internet is his 1927 Movietone News re-enactment of that recitation, with no "Ha ha ha!" Other people also remember hearing the original recording, but there seems to be no evidence that it exists. In fact, one Internet recording of the re-enactment bears this label: "The original 1877 recording was not saved and no longer exists."

I also remember seeing the Monty Python crew perform the Philosophers' Song during the Australian university sketch when the show was originally broadcast on PBS. Now it seems that it first appeared on an LP and later in recordings of their Hollywood Bowl appearance and it is not part of the sketch on the DVD.

When I was much younger, there was a singer named "Barbara" Streisand. It seems she has ceased to exist and has been replaced by the somewhat more affected "Barbra." But it says "Barbra" on existing copies of her first album.

I seem to remember clearly that the first line of the Napoleonic-era German song, "Lützow's Wild Hunt," is "Was glänzt dort hell in Glimmerschein?" As it happens, there is no such word as "Glimmerschein." The correct version is "Was glänzt dort vom Walde im Sonnenschein?"

I remember the second line of "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" as containing the phrase "borne like a zephyr," but every printed version I can find says "borne like a vapor."

Thanks to ongoing transliteration reform, I am kept constantly off balance by abrupt and startling changes in spelling. Whatever happened to Peking, Mao Tse Tung, etc.? Even now, there seems to be no agreement between any two sources as to the correct spelling of Al Qaida.

I flatter myself that I am not a unique case, that everybody is subject to episodes of false or clouded memory. Joshua Chamberlain, the Civil War general featured in the film *Gettysburg*, wrote several accounts of his defense of Little Round Top—all of them slightly different, and likewise different from the account of other witnesses. This phenomenon is common in war memoirs—in all memoirs, in fact. The human memory is not a reliable recorder of events. There are plenty of cases of people distinctly remembering ordinary events that, upon examination, are clearly preposterous.

Eyewitness reports of crime and auto accidents are notoriously unreliable. Such being the case, how believable are reports of UFOs, Bigfoot, and the like? People see strange things all the time, but exactly *what* do they see? They can't really remember, perhaps.—*David F. Godwin* ❀

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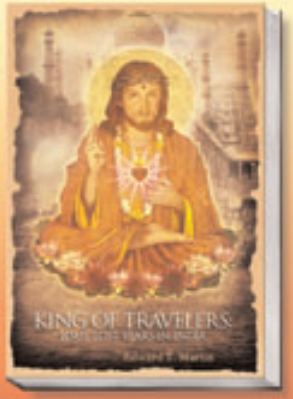

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